

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR AUGUST, 1835.

Art. I.—1. *Journal of a Residence and Tour in the United States of North America*, from April 1833, to October 1834. By E. S. Abdy, Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. In three Volumes. large 12mo. pp. 1248. London, 1835.

2. *Penitentiaries (United States)*. Report of William Crawford, Esq., on the Penitentiaries of the United States, addressed to His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 11 August, 1834. folio, pp. 229.

MR. ABDY left England for America, in company with Mr. Crawford, who had been sent out by our Government to inspect the prisons of the United States. His own attention was naturally directed to the subject of Prison Discipline, and he inspected all the principal Penitentiaries. On this account, we have placed together our *Traveller's Journal* and the Official Report of Mr. Crawford.

The most interesting light in which America can be viewed, is that of a grand experiment in political economy. The young Republic entered upon her career amid all the lights of the latter part of the eighteenth century; she has been left undisturbed by foreign danger or external pressure in organizing her institutions; she has neither been incumbered by the relics of feudalism, nor embarrassed with a redundant population; there has been a clear field for working out the plans of her legislators and philosophers: nothing, therefore, can be more deserving of attention than the results so far as hitherto developed. England has a peculiar interest in them, because the American Government is, with all its dissimilarity, the genuine production of British constitutional principles: it is, in fact, little more than a modification of the British Colonial system, with an Elective Governor General in-

stead of one dependent upon the Crown of the old country. Were the West India Islands to unite in successful revolt, and, having joined in a federal compact, to elect a President and general Congress, there would be a repetition of the American Republic. The institutions of America are all our own, modified by circumstances, or pushed a little to the extreme. What is more, a large proportion of the existing population has been received direct from these Islands by constant emigration; and America is building prisons to receive English convicts and Irish paupers. To England also she owes her first steps in that career of national crime, which, if not speedily checked and retraced, will, as surely as there is a righteous Judge, "who executeth judgement for the oppressed," entail upon these haughty republicans a fearful retribution.

'The Americans,' says Capt. Basil Hall, 'are perpetually taunting England with having entailed slavery upon their country.' This is, after all, but the taunt of guilt to its tempter. England has repented of her sin, and, by a splendid sacrifice, has justified the sincerity of her wish to exterminate a system so abhorrent from the spirit of her laws and institutions. But the people of England have never been to any considerable extent a party to either the abominations of the slave-trade, or the toleration of slavery itself. The West India interest of this country, though strong in commercial wealth, and protected by the whole influence of the Crown, embraces but a small section of the community: and out of that sphere of sordid mercantile interest, the national feeling has been uncorrupt. The laws of this country never recognised slavery as the legal condition of a British subject, of whatever colour; and it required only an appeal to the laws to decide, (in the case of the negro Somerset, in 1772,) that the claim of property in man could not be substantiated upon the British soil. On touching the English shores, the negro is under the protection of the same laws as the native Englishman, and the slave becomes at once a free man. No subject of the British Crown can be dealt with as a criminal, till he has been adjudged to be such; and the law knows nothing of personal bondage, except as the punishment of crime. Thus there is a privilege attaching to the condition of a British subject, which does not belong to the native of the free republican States of America; and the beneficent fiction which makes the Crown, as the sovereign proprietor, the equal protector of all classes of its subjects, throws a lustre around the constitutional monarchy of these realms, that is wholly wanting to the jealous and tyrannical republicanism which condemns every coloured native to the degradation of a servile caste, and denies to a sixth of the population the common rights of humanity.

‘Among the twelve millions who make up our census,’ an American writer does not blush to say, ‘two millions are separated from the possessors of the soil, by birth, by *the brand of indelible ignominy*, by prejudices mutual, deep, incurable. Benevolence seems to overlook them. Patriotism forgets them. In every part of the United States, there is a broad and impassable line of demarcation between every man who has *one drop of African blood in his veins*, and every other class in the community. The bar, the pulpit, and our legislative halls are shut to them by the irresistible force of public sentiment. No talents, however great, no piety, however pure and devoted, no patriotism, however ardent, can secure their admission. The Soodra is not further separated from the Brahmin, in regard to all his privileges, than the negro is from the white man, by the prejudices which result from the difference made between them by the God of nature.’* That is, from the difference in the colour of the skin, which, in the case of many a mulatto, approaches so near to the complexion of the American Brahmin as to be with difficulty discriminated. The licentiousness which is the fruit of slavery, and the hypocrisy of the plea set up for the treatment of the coloured freemen, are attested by the same living evidence. ‘Talk of the barriers of nature,’ exclaims Mr. Garrison with honest indignation, ‘when the land swarms with living refutations of the statement!’

‘Though I had heard much,’ says Mr. Abdy, ‘before I left England, about the aristocracy of the skin, which so disgracefully distinguishes the new from the old world†, I was not prepared to find that America had borrowed from Asia her degrading system of castes, and that the western world was divided into Brahmins and Pariahs.’

‘That a people, not otherwise inferior to the rest of mankind, in justice, religion, or kind-heartedness, should condemn nearly one-fifth of their fellow-citizens, without pity, without remorse, and without a trial, to contempt and obloquy, for no reason but that of the strongest, and no crime but that of colour, is one of those anomalies which the history of every age and country—to the shame of human nature—exhibits; but which the history of no age and of no country exhibits in more preposterous contradiction to the spirit of the times, the advancement of intelligence, and the spread of Christianity. Alarmed at the increasing numbers of this insulted race, and foreseeing, with the instinctive acuteness of cruelty, in their advancing intelligence, a demand for social rights and the efforts of commercial competition, the

* African Repository, *passim*. See Ecl. Rev. 3d Series, Vol. IX. pp. 147, 148.

† This is not true of the southern peninsula of the new continent.

favoured majority were straining every nerve to drive them out of the country by contumelious treatment or deceptive promises.'

'In England, a sable complexion is a passport, almost every where, to kindness and liberality. In that part of America which claims kindred with her sons, it is viewed with aversion or repelled with scorn. The studied separation in the first periods of life;—the universal antipathy during all that succeed;—the rigorous exclusion from the courtesies and accomplishments of social life;—and, above all, the risk of losing caste attached to any deviation from what despotic custom has marked with her inexorable *tabu*;—form a barrier to a more liberal and humane intercourse, which none but the most generous or the most vile among the whites can break through.'

Vol. I. pp. 44, 5 ; 55.

Mr. Abdy, while evidently disposed to do ample justice to the Americans and their institutions, has spoken out as becomes an Englishman and a Christian, on the subject of this foul 'plague-spot' on the national character. In his volumes, the naked truth is dispassionately, but fully and distinctly disclosed, in reference to the treatment of the coloured race, so as to leave no excuse for that mawkish candour which would throw a veil or a false colouring over conduct that outrages justice, religion, and humanity. The time is come, when it behooves British Christians to lift up their voice in loud and emphatic reprobation of the wickedness in which all religious denominations in the United States are more or less involved;—to make their voice heard across the Atlantic in the language of firm, uncompromising remonstrance. It is high time to bring the whole force of public sentiment in this country to bear upon the unjust and unchristian prejudice which steels the professed followers of Christ against the plainest dictates of his word; and to give the utmost support of our sympathy and encouragement to the noble band who, alive to their country's shame and danger, are striving to diffuse a better feeling through the American community.

More than two years ago, we made an effort to bespeak the attention of that portion of the public to whom our influence extends, to the *Claims of the Blacks**, as advocated by their heroic champion, William Lloyd Garrison, against the slave-holders and pseudo-philanthropists of the United States. Our eyes had then been but recently opened to the true character of the American Colonization Society, and of their jesuitical agent, Elliott Cresson. Those of our readers who, not being prepared for the startling revelation, then thought our strictures unduly severe, would now, we apprehend, deem that article sufficiently mild and forbearing. A reluctance to think so ill of our American brethren as to believe them chargeable with such enormity of injustice and so anti-christian a spirit, has led many estimable persons to maintain

* Eclectic Review, Feb. 1833.

an obstinate scepticism or a criminal silence upon this subject. If these things are true, has been the cogitation of many, what must we think of all that has been told us of the progress of religion in America? Has, then, this last fair and promising experiment of social renovation completely failed? Are we to believe that all the spiteful invective and narrow-minded ridicule which have been poured forth against the free republicans of the western world, by high-church bigots and Tory partisans, find a justification in the real character of the Americans? By no means. These volumes, at the same time that they expose the guilt of the nation in this particular, bear ample testimony to their moral excellencies, and to the general efficiency of their political and religious institutions. Mr. Abdy's object is not to lower the Americans as a people in our esteem, but to fix our indignation upon that horrible flaw in the framework of their social system, which, if not repaired, threatens it with dissolution. No law of courtesy or kindness to either individuals or communities, requires that we should tamper with the immutable standard of right and wrong, or accommodate our notions of vice and virtue to the meridian of another country. The inveteracy and malignity of some crimes that have rooted themselves in society, and obtained conventional license, are rendered only more conspicuous by the social virtues with which those palpable obliquities are in many cases found associated. Religious persecution, perjury, political injustice, cruelty, irreligion, are crimes of this description, with which we may well connect man-stealing and man-selling, which the Mosaic law punished with death, and the law of Christ classes with murder and parricide.

We protest, then, against being required to soften down the charge which lies against the people of the United States, out of any regard to their claims, on other grounds, to our respect and cordiality; and we protest equally against any sweeping depreciation of American institutions, by way of unfair inference from these facts. It is our firm belief, that there is diffused over a considerable part of the United States, a larger measure of social happiness, in connexion with a higher average of social worth, than exists in almost any other country on the face of the globe; but we are at the same time compelled to admit, that the darker shades of human nature are discoverable there also; that antagonist principles are at work; and that more especially slavery, and the anti-social sentiments which spring from it, are working like a secret and potent venom through all the veins and arteries of the social system, and spreading to the vitals of the state.

We should be sorry, indeed, if it were otherwise. That slavery should, on any portion of God's earth, exist with impunity to the slave-holder, would be more deplorable than the most fearful catastrophe that could befall a people persisting in the

crime. Nothing tends to shake a religious confidence in the moral government of the Supreme Proprietor, so much as even the temporary immunity of the oppressor, and the success of the fraudulent. We wish nothing but prosperity to the Americans; but we say deliberately, that if the low and narrow barrier which prevents their inland seas from rushing down into the valley of the Mississippi, and sweeping every thing living from the surface, were to give way before some physical convulsion, it would be less calamitous, in its remote consequences, to the moral interests of mankind, than would be the success of their present experiment upon the forbearance of Him who "hath made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth", and who regards all nations alike as his offspring.

The toleration, or rather the legalization of slavery in the United States, and the maintenance of the slave-trade in the very capital of the republic, by which the Americans are degraded to a level with the Algerines, with an aggravation of guilt derived from their Christian profession—this criminal perpetuation and extension of a traffic denounced by every civilized nation of Europe as piracy, and protested against by the heroic founders of American Independence,—this 'execrable commerce', which, in the emphatic words of that protest, 'wages war against human nature itself', and the execrable husbandry which is maintained by it,—are not, however, the most heinous features of the American policy. Where slavery has existed for any length of time, extenuating pleas may be urged on behalf of humane planters, who find themselves hereditarily involved in a condition of things which they do not approve, but cannot, as they think, remedy. Although we do not admit the validity of such pleas, yet, there is something to be said in defence of those who are doing all in their power to mitigate the rigours and evils of slavery; and the temporary prolongation of slavery on the part of both the proprietors and the state, may be to a certain extent involuntary. But, in the treatment of the free coloured population, or, as they are falsely called, Africans, there is oppression the more inexcusable, because the more wanton; cruelty the more malignant, because exercised without that shadow of right which springs from the relation between master and slave; and a more direct blasphemy against the work of our common Maker. The feelings with which an American of the northern States regards his black countryman, appear to be much the same as would be inspired by the belief that the coloured race had the Devil for their creator. And he hates him the more for being his countryman, and for being free; he hates him with a pride of caste, which more effectually bars all contact and all sympathy, than any mere difference of political condition. Slaves have, in various countries, been the domestic companions, the tutors, the adopted

sons of their masters; but the antipathies of the imagination, which originate in the pride of blood or the pride of caste, are, because the most unreasonable, the most ungovernable and the most malignant.

This antipathy is said to be the effect of slavery. If so, the fruit is still more bitter than the root. It deserves remark, however, that it is strikingly analogous to social antipathies between hostile clans and arbitrary social gradations, which admit of no such explanation. But 'if, in one sense, it is the result of 'slavery', Mr. Abdy remarks, 'in another and much stronger sense it upholds it.'

'The Mahometans enslave the Christians, because they despise them; and the debasement to which they reduce them, confirms their contempt. When the people of the same nation, as the Africans, make slaves of one another, the latter are better treated, and no reason against their enfranchisement and elevation exists, in any disdain that is felt for their minds, or in any apprehension of an intermixture with their masters. . . . *I feel convinced, that if there were no prejudice in the northern States, there could be no slavery in the southern, while their union continues.* Hence I observed, that the Indians, who had never, or very rarely, been treated as slaves, were suffering under the same sort of contempt as the blacks; and that, in those States where slavery had been abolished, the prejudice was so much more intense than where it still exists, that the planters themselves complain of it, when they bring their slaves with them to the north.'

'An incident that occurred some years back in Kentucky, shews how completely the very existence of American slavery depends upon the prejudice against color,—diverting the sense of justice, and the sympathy due to human suffering, from their natural channels. "A laudable indignation", says the *Emporium of Louisville*, "was universally manifested among our citizens, and even among our blacks, on Saturday last, by the exposure of a woman and two children for sale by public auction at the front of our principal tavern. This woman and children were as white as any of our citizens: indeed, we scarcely ever saw a child with a fairer or clearer complexion than the younger one. *That they were not slaves, we do not pretend to say; but there was something so revolting to the feelings in the sight of this woman and children exposed to sale by their young master,—it excited such an association of ideas in the mind of every one,—it brought to recollection so forcibly the morality of slave-holding States,—that not a person was found to make an offer for them.*"' Vol. III. pp. 223, 4; 237.

No such squeamishness would have been felt, we presume, further south; but we can easily conceive that the sale of whites must excite unpleasant associations, which would have been still more unwelcome, had any coloured gentleman become the purchaser; as it might suggest the possibility of the tables being turned at some future period, and the free Moors of America

buying and selling the pale-faced Yankees, as, in the old world, the white skins have been, from time immemorial, exposed to sale in the markets of Constantinople, Cairo, Algiers, and Bokhara. American associations, however, are very capricious; for those who repudiate slavery, have no objection, it seems, to share in the profits of the slave-trade. The following facts are highly curious.

‘ Rhode Island, while yet a colony, prohibited slavery so early as the middle of the 17th century. This fact was discovered among the records of the State, and communicated to the public through one of its journals, by the benevolent father of the abolitionists. The document is as follows.

“ At a general court, held at Warwick, the 18th of May, 1652. Whereas there is a common course practised among Englishmen to buy negroes to that end they may have them for service or slaves for ever: for the preventing of such practices among us, let it be ordered, that no black mankind, or white being, shall be forced by covenant, bond, or otherwise, to serve any man or his assignees, longer than ten years, or until they come to be twenty-four years of age, if they be taken in under fourteen, from the time of their coming within the liberties of this colony;—at the end or term of ten years to set them free, as the manner is with the English servants. And that man, that will not let them go free, or shall sell them away elsewhere, to that end they may be enslaved to others for a longer time, he or they shall forfeit to the colony forty pounds.” Moses Brown gives the names of the members from whom this memorable enactment proceeded. It appears, from it, that whites as well as blacks were slaves, and distinguished from the “redemptioners.” It was at that time, and long after, the policy of European governments to prohibit the emigration of mechanics and artisans. Labor was therefore extremely scarce in the new world; and its high price led to the enormity which the law thus attempted to prevent.

‘ Though Rhode Island was the first to abolish slavery, it was the last to give up the profits of the slave-trade, and still encourages the system by punishing, with a fine of 300 dollars and five or three years’ imprisonment, any one who assists a slave to escape. The citizens of this State carried on the abominable traffic long after it had been declared illegal by the general government. About ten years ago, a vessel belonging to a Rhode-islander, was seized and condemned for having been engaged in the slave-trade. No buyer, however, could be found, when the sale took place among his fellow-citizens; till the confiscated goods were at last purchased by a Bostonian, who had come from Massachusetts for the express purpose. Such was the general indignation against this man for daring to brave public opinion, which had manifested itself so strongly in favor of the slave-trader, that he was seized by the people, who had assembled on the occasion, and his ears were cut off.’ Vol. III., pp. 243—245.

A pretty specimen of mob law in New England. This disgraceful

transaction, worthy of a band of buccaneers, was narrated to Mr. Abdy by Mr. Peter A. Jay, of New York, 'a man little inclined by sympathy with the blacks to exaggerate on the subject.' Thus it would seem that the very States which have abolished slavery, not only assist in upholding it by the force of the unjust prejudice which they foster against the coloured free-men, but even take a direct participation in the gains of the trade. Are we not warranted, then, in concluding, that policy has had more influence than humanity, in producing the abolition of slavery in those northern States, where slave-labour could not, from the nature of the soil and its productions, be turned to profitable account? Mr. Abdy justly remarks:—

'The colored man owes nothing to the Manumission Society or his country's legislature. His master's whip was more tolerable than the finger of scorn now pointed at him. An American citizen has as much right to social equality, as an American bondman to personal freedom. In denying the former, the North has lost what little merit there was in granting the latter.' Vol. III., pp. 245, 6.

How little of the merit of disinterestedness attached to this concession, may be gathered from the following account of the abolition of slavery in the State of New York.

'Apprenticeship was substituted for slavery in the year 1827, by an act which was passed by the legislature of the State of New York about ten years before; all above 27 years of age being declared free at that period, and all below to serve as apprentices till they arrived at the same time of life. No compensation was allowed to the owners; and no injury resulted to either party from this measure of justice. Though so many of these "scourges" were let loose upon the public, —(there were 10,000 in 1820,)—no throats were cut and no houses burnt down. Matters soon adjusted themselves to the new order of things; and the good effects arising from the natural stimulus thus applied to industry were visible in the improved condition of those who had been emancipated, and who may now be seen, in great numbers, in the streets of New York, and of other cities, as decently dressed and as well behaved as their skin-proud countrymen.

'The transition from slavery to freedom was simple and unimpeded; as the former had long been found to be unprofitable, and the latter was not retarded by bounties to its rival, or restrictions upon itself. Standing armies and stipendiary magistrates were not wanted to protect the few against the many, in the plunder they still retained, and provide employment for the friends of a distant government.

'So completely was the system extinct, that many masters were willing to give away their slaves, and advertisements in the newspapers announced their intention. That the abolition of slavery in New England was attended with little or no loss to the owners of that species of property, is well known. "Negro children," says Dr. Belknap, "were reckoned (in Massachusetts) an incumbrance in a family; and, when weaned, were given away like puppies. They have

been publicly advertised in the newspapers to be given away." "In the country, the negroes lived as well as their masters, and often sat down at the same table, in the true style of republican equality."—*Hist. Coll.* iv. 200.

'There was little merit in relinquishing what it would have been bad policy to withhold; and no gratitude was due for a gift, which was clogged with conditions that robbed it of its justice, while it left it none of the graciousness of a favor.

'If to support and sanction by words and by actions those principles, on which alone the practices they have laid aside are founded, be criminal, the difference of guilt between the workers of iniquity and its abettors, is all that the citizens of the non-slave-holding States can claim.' Vol. I., pp. 359—361.

It may be worth while to search a little more closely into the cause of that intensity of prejudice which inflames the minds of an otherwise not unamiable or unjust people against an unoffending portion of the community, guilty only of a darker skin. Mr. Abdy says, that he found this prejudice stronger in the North than in the slave States, stronger in the clergy than among the laity, and in the women, than in the men. We are not surprised at this. There are obvious reasons why the pride of caste and of order should be stronger in the female sex and in the clerical class, who, in like manner among ourselves, are prone to cling to prescriptive usages that have gained the sanction of custom, and to side with those who are called conservatives. And it is natural, too, that this prejudice should be more sensitive where it has no support in the conscious possession of power,—where the broad distinctions between master and slave are absent. In fact, whatever cruelty and inhumanity in the treatment of their slaves may be chargeable upon the planters, no such antipathy is felt by them towards the sable race. The prejudice of colour is there proved to have no physical foundation. The lying pretence that Nature herself has drawn the line between the different races, and that an inherent feeling occasions a mutual repulsion, is refuted by the mixed blood and gradations of colour which are seen wherever slavery exists. The alleged physical antipathy between the white and black races, is not strong enough to become the slightest check upon immorality. Nay, its existence is disproved by the laws which it has been deemed necessary to pass in several of the States, in order to prevent intermarriages.

'The 7th section of an act (of the Massachusetts legislature) passed June 22, 1786, enacts, "that no person authorized by that act to marry, shall join in marriage any white person with any negro, Indian, or mulatto, on penalty of the sum of 50*l.*, (about 38*l.* sterling,) two third parts thereof to the use of the county wherein such offence shall be committed, and the residue to the prosecutor, to be recovered by the treasurer of the same county, &c.; and all such marriages shall

be absolutely null and void." It is not many years ago, that the penalty for this enormous offence was enforced; and a clergyman was fined for lending the sanction of religion to a union which, without it, would have incurred neither punishment nor censure.

The Mayor of Boston, (H. G. Otis,) writing, in 1831, to an eminent counsellor of the State of South Carolina, said: "The number of free people of color among us has not yet become inconvenient. They are, as yet, a quiet, inoffensive, and in many respects, a useful race. Many of them are worthy and well-principled persons. . . . But it is not to be disguised, that a repugnance to intimate social relations with them is insurmountable. Our laws forbid the intermarriage of whites with people of color; and every consideration recommends our endeavouring to prevent a disturbance of the mutual understanding which regulates our intercourse." Thus it appears that it is neither "lawful" nor "expedient," in the land of the pilgrim fathers, for a white to marry a quiet, inoffensive, useful, worthy, and well-principled person. By the revised statutes of Illinois, (1829,) whites marrying negroes or *mulattoes*, are to be whipped, fined, and imprisoned; and the marriage to be, *ipso facto*, null and void.

Vol. I., pp. 160—162.

A similar statutory provision exists in Virginia and North Carolina. Can any contradiction be more palpable than that which these very laws oppose to the assertion, that an insurmountable repugnance exists to such intermarriages? In some of the slave States, it has been found necessary to prevent these forbidden unions by the most barbarous punishments,—public whipping, the pillory, and death. Not long ago, a remarkably handsome quadroon (a shade between mulatto and white) was hanged for the love borne to him by his fair Desdemona, who, in this instance, 'ran from her guardage to' no 'sooty bosom.' Marriage, as a bar to the infliction of these penalties, is 'out of the question.'

It may be presumed, that the States in which these severe enactments have been had recourse to, to supply the absence of the imaginary barriers which Nature is blasphemously represented as having interposed, would be the States in which intermarriages or illicit intercourse would otherwise be most prevalent. Illinois and Indiana were originally peopled, to a considerable extent, by French emigrants from Canada, who intermarried with the Indian tribes at that time occupying the northern part of those States. More than half the Cherokee nation, and a large part of the Choctaws, Chickasaws, and other Floridian tribes, are what are termed *half-breeds*, their complexion and handsome appearance testifying the mixture of European blood. The Creek Indians allowed no white person to settle in their nation, except as their partners in traffic, as *husbands of Indian women*, or in some way or other closely connected with themselves. Some of the most respectable families in Virginia are descended

from an Indian princess, Pocahontas, whose attachment to a respectable young planter of the name of Rolfe, forms one of the most romantic and touching incidents of American history. Having, by her interposition, saved his life, she became his wife, and returned with him to England, where she was presented at court. Yet, in this same country, intermarriage with an Indian is now a crime by statute law, and visited with the severest penalties.

Vermont, however, appears to form an exception to the States, such marriages being permitted by its legislature; and we cannot suppress the following anecdote, which is introduced with the observation, that one might have expected the Irish, who have quitted their native country to escape from persecution, would have felt some sympathy for the victims of an anti-social prejudice. The reverse is the case.

‘ Nearly all of them, who have resided there any length of time, are more bitter and severe against the blacks, than the native whites themselves. It seems as if the disease were more virulent when taken by inoculation than in the natural way. One of these unworthy countrymen of O’Connell was travelling, on horseback, in Vermont, when he requested a woman, who was standing at the door of a house, to send some one to take care of his horse. She told him, she would send her husband. In a few minutes, a black man came out, to the great astonishment of the stranger. “ Pray,” said he to the wife, “ has your family met with any misfortune, that you should so far disgrace it as to make such a degrading alliance ? ” “ Yes,” was her reply. “ My poor sister met with a misfortune that brought irreparable disgrace upon us:—she married an Irishman.”’ Vol. I., pp. 159, 160.

Lord Byron, when pleading for Catholic Emancipation, facetiously remarked, that, had the Irish been born black, they would have stood a better chance of gaining their rights, by becoming objects of humane sympathy. The sarcasm implied no dishonour to English philanthropy. In America, however, the Irish, if born black, would but have been excluded from that hospitality which opens the Atlantic ports, and proffers the rights of citizenship, to the refuse of all European nations,—to the fugitive debtor, the pauper, and the convict; making an exception only in the case of those whose complexions betray a mixture of African blood.

An attempt has sometimes been made to palliate the shameful injustice of the laws towards the free coloured population, by representing them as an immoral and degraded race; a representation which derives some plausibility from the disproportionate numbers of them which are found in the prisons and penitentiaries. The proportion of free blacks among the convicts in Connecticut, Mr. Abdy states to be about 20 or 25 per cent., while they form but 3 per cent. upon the whole population of the

State. This difference, he remarks, may be accounted for by the greater degree of temptation to which they are exposed, their virtual exclusion from many employments, their defective education, and the few inducements which are held out to them to honourable industry and good conduct.

‘There is not, I believe, one trade in New York, in which its colored inhabitants are allowed to work with the whites. There are nearly 20,000 of them in the city, and more than twice that number in the State. It will hence be seen at once, how closely the self-interest of the mechanics and other journeymen is connected with the continuance of a prejudice which thus shuts the door against so many competitors. All classes would gladly get rid of them, if they could; for the same feeling prevails everywhere, though it may vary in degree with that exhibited by the Kentuckians, when they formed their State Colonization Society in 1827, because, as they stated, the scheme of the parent Association was calculated “to relieve the citizens of that commonwealth from the serious inconveniences resulting from the existence among them of a rapidly increasing number of *free* persons of color, who are not subject to the restraints of slavery.” It is seldom that a pleonasm is so full of meaning.’ Vol. I., pp. 358, 9.

This, however, is not the only explanation that can be given of the apparent disproportion of delinquency among the depressed caste. Mr. Abdy has adduced a striking testimony from the African Repository, to the inequality of the laws by which that disproportion is mainly produced. It is of the more value as it proceeds from the Rev. J. Breckenridge, of Baltimore, who, by his speeches and exertions in aid of the Colonization Society, has long been doing his utmost to drive them out of the country.

“It is true,” he says, “that the proportion of convictions of free persons of color is greater than that of white people. But this is to be taken with great allowance, as evidence of criminality. For their temptations are, usually, manifold greater and more pressing; their offences are more narrowly looked after; and therefore a greater proportion are detected, and of those detected a greater proportion are convicted, by reason of their possessing less public sympathy, smaller opportunities of escaping, and less means of blinding, seducing, or bribing justice. In addition to all this, the very code of offences in the slave-states is more stern as to them than to the whites; and the very principles of evidence are altered by statute so as to bear most rigorously against them. Or, if we contrast them with the slaves, we have no means of forming a judgement; for the very nature of offences and punishments is different in the different classes. We have known a slave hanged for what a white man would hardly have been prosecuted for; and we have known free blacks put into the penitentiary for several years, on evidence that was illegal by statute against a white man; and for offences, for which a gentle-tempered master would have rebuked his slave, and a hot-tempered one have caned him. We admit the general corruption of free blacks; but we deny that it is greater than that

of the slaves ; and we affirm that it is judged of by false methods, and is in a high degree exaggerated. We once thought differently ; but we have seen reason to change our opinion."

'To the other causes here alluded to, should be added the suspicion, which, when any crime that excites general attention has been committed, attaches itself, through public opinion, to those whom public opinion has already condemned to vice and ignominy ; and the strong inducement in white criminals to shelter themselves by false accusations, or cunning inveiglement, of these helpless and friendless people. There was, at the very time we were there, an old black in this penitentiary, nearly a hundred years of age. He had been confined within its walls a long time, under a charge, which was supported, as was well known in the prison, by evidence of a nature anything but conclusive of his guilt. There seemed, indeed, to be little or no doubt of his innocence.' Vol. I., pp. 94—96.

And this in the free republic of the United States of America ! Thus are the rights of man respected by the idolaters of liberty !

If, then, neither the existence of negro slavery in the southern States, nor any physical antipathy between the colours, nor the inferior moral condition of the free blacks, presents an adequate explanation of the intense prejudice and contempt manifested by American whites towards these sable Pariahs, to what cause must it be ascribed ? Dr. Channing, in conversation with our Author on the subject, asserted, that 'the feeling which induced the 'white man to reject his coloured brother from his table, was the 'same with that which excluded the servant from the master's society ; and that the prejudice which the feudal lord entertained 'against his serf, was analogous to the antipathy' which, in America, imposes a separation at meals between the two races. Mr. Abdy replied, that the distinction which he spoke of was that of colour, not of rank. The qualification for admittance to equality might be obtained by the domestic, or by his descendants, but is absolutely out of the reach of the Africo-American. As for the serf, he has none of those political rights which the free black possesses ; he is not excluded from social intercourse with free men of the same class ; he is not marked out as an object of insult and contempt ; he is not treated as an outcast, a Pariah. All this is true ; and yet, Dr. Channing was not far wrong in classing the antipathy in question with those which arise out of the imaginary distinctions of rank ;—not of mere relative position, as master and servant, but of hereditary rank and pride of birth. 'Would you', said Dr. Becher, of Cincinnati, to Mr. Abdy, 'have us sully the pure blood we have received from 'our English ancestors, by such alliances as a closer intimacy 'with the other race would produce?' This is the true explanation of the prejudice ; and that which comes the nearest to it among ourselves, is the pride of blood in our nobility, which re-

sents as insufferable degradation, any admixture with that which runs in plebeian veins. Nowhere is there a broader gulf between the hereditary aristocracy and the middle classes, than in England. Nowhere is the distinction of rank and wealth more strongly defined. But the pride of wealth, so natural in a commercial country, does not isolate the rich man from his fellows so completely as does the pride of birth, which passes for honour and virtue among those of the *order*. With the general body of his countrymen, the titled noble has little sympathy or sense of common interest: if they were actually of a different race,—as he is apt to imagine them to be,—it could scarcely add to the essential haughtiness of his feelings towards them. But, happily, our laws make no distinction between the aristocracy and the other classes; and the substantial power is in the hands of the people, who are consequently not affected by the unsocial arrogance and ideal dignity of the pageant caste.

Now, if the coloured race in the United States formed the bulk of the community, including the whole commercial class, and having a preponderance in the State Legislatures and Federal Congress,—if the white aristocracy were confined to the exclusive circle of a red book,—the antipathies of these Christian Brahmins against the inferior castes might be laughed to scorn by the sable commoners. But when the despised caste are a small minority destitute of political power, (as was the case with the Jews of Europe in the middle ages, or with the Moors of the Peninsula,) their condition is as helpless as it is intolerable. It is, in fact, admitted by American authorities, that the free blacks among them have ‘nothing of freedom but the name.’ The insolence of oppression is probably most acutely felt by those of mixed blood; yet, those of darker skin writhe under it. ‘Some years ago,’ says Mr. Abdy, ‘one of those whom this pride of blood delights to mortify and insult, was living at Hartford, possessed of a handsome competency, and respected as far as his external appearance would admit. This man was frequently heard to say, in the most solemn and emphatic manner, that he *would joyfully submit to be flayed alive, if he could rise from the operation with a white skin.*’ The very same expression was used by a black woman, who lived as a servant with the person from whom our Author had this anecdote. Though treated with great kindness in the family, ‘she felt she was a Pariah, and could not be happy.’

Absolute as is now the white ascendancy in the United States, the severity of the recent laws against the coloured population, and the African colonization scheme itself, indicate a growing uneasiness as to the operation of causes which threaten its permanence; and the extreme virulence of the prejudice is, no doubt, in part to be accounted for, as aggravated by apprehensions with

regard to the future. In two ways, this ascendancy may be endangered; by the multiplication of the African race, and by the amalgamation of the races. In the South, the growing numbers of the slave population form the only subject of jealousy. In the North, the mixture of the races is most pathetically deprecated. 'In Maryland and North Carolina, the black population increases more than twice as fast as the white; and in Virginia, more than one-third faster.' More than thirty years ago, the Rev. David Rice said, in a speech delivered at Danville in Kentucky: 'It may be proved with mathematical certainty, that if things go on in the present channel, the future inhabitants of America will inevitably be *mulattoes*.' Now it is this idea which is so utterly intolerable to the white of the northern states, that his blood boils at the thought.

'It is,' says Mr. Abdy, 'in the highest degree ludicrous to witness the anxious interest expressed by the present generation of whites for the condition and complexion of their distant descendants. They deprecate amalgamation as something abhorrent to nature; an unheard of and an unutterable monster:—as if the realization of their fears would not be the surest evidence of their absurdity; or as if they did not know that the half-castes and quadroons, and the diluted subdivisions of the intermixture in the South, are almost, if not quite as numerous as the pure blacks. If the two races intermarry, there can be no natural repugnance between them. If there be a natural repugnance they cannot intermarry.'

'Another cause of uneasiness to these timid "children of a larger growth," arises from the dread they entertain that the species will be deteriorated by "crossing the breed;" though every one knows, who is capable of comparing forms and figures, that the finest specimens of beauty and symmetry are to be found among those whose veins are filled with mixed blood.' Vol. I., pp. 352, 3.

'As one proof, among thousands I could adduce, of the extent to which this vile feeling is carried, I may mention what I witnessed at Nahant. I had said, in the hearing of several persons, that a time would come when all colors would be blended in one by an intermixture of the different races, and the human species exhibit, at its termination, as at its commencement, but one complexion. "If things continue in this country," I added, "as they are now, the blacks will out-number the whites: and they must associate together, or the latter will be driven out." "If I thought your prediction would ever be verified," exclaimed a man who called himself an Englishman, "I would rather see my children, dearly as I love them, perish before my eyes, than bear the idea that their posterity, however remote, should one day sit down to table with a colored man"; a very silly as well as a very malignant speech by the by; for he who uttered it was, by anticipation, condemning his descendants for the very thing he was doing himself—acting in conformity with public opinion.' Ib., p. 182.

The Normans of other days felt thus, perhaps, with regard to

our Saxon progenitors. It was a feeling worthy of those proud barbarians. But that, in this age of philosophy, in a country which boasts of its emancipation from the prejudices of the Old World, under a government which proclaims as its fundamental principle, the political equality of all its citizens, those citizens being gathered from all the nations of Europe,—so senseless an antipathy as this should be cherished and gloried in, is, at first view, surprising and unaccountable. But let us look a little more closely into the matter, and we shall discover, perhaps, in the political condition of the Americans, one reason of the strength of this aristocratic prejudice.

Every one who has visited the Transatlantic States has been struck with one prominent feature of the American character; to wit, the extreme and morbid sensitiveness of the cultivated classes to the opinions of foreigners respecting themselves and their institutions. The excessive national vanity which leads them to esteem themselves the first people in the world, the freest, bravest, most enlightened of nations, is accompanied with a feverish solicitude to be so thought of by the European public. Their republican dignity is, to use a significant expression, exceedingly thin-skinned. Their writers, while full of bluster, may be found bitterly complaining, not without reason, of the treatment which their country has met with from Tory Reviewers and other party journalists, as well as from gossiping travellers, male and female, of the Trollope school. While safely defying the power of Britain, they cannot withdraw themselves from the moral control of English opinion. But it must be remarked, that this sensibility to foreign opinion, discovers itself much less in reference to moral characteristics, than in matters of taste, fashion, manners, and pretence. Mr. Abdy makes too unqualified an assertion, we suspect, when he affirms, that much more regard is paid, in the United States, to dress and external appearance, than with us. It may be so at New York, but surely it cannot be general. ‘This proceeds,’ he goes on to say, ‘from the same source as the love of money. Where no distinction is attached to rank or birth, it is natural that other outward and visible signs should supply their places, and be proportionably valued.’

‘I was often reminded that allowance should be made for a new country that has not yet acquired the graces and elegances of older communities; but never did I hear any thing like regret expressed, (except by the abolitionists, who are stigmatised as unworthy citizens for lamenting it,) that European morality was not as much aimed at as European fashions. It was amusing to see the same persons tremblingly alive to any imputation of wanting that nice polish which is supposed to distinguish the best society in England, yet totally insensible to the charge of as vile a narrow-mindedness as ever disgraced

the lowest. The "Patricians" will readily listen to you when you describe the usages of our fashionables ; but, if you state that a man's complexion is no bar to admittance anywhere, your remark is received with a sneer of indifference or a smile of scornful incredulity. To be quizzed and caricatured for vulgarity is intolerable to the same people, who seem not to know, or not to care, that you despise them for their prejudices. Hint to them that they eat pease with a knife, and they are highly enraged : tell them that their conduct to the "niggers" is inhuman and unmanly, and they laugh in your face. They look to Europe for "mint and cummin," and leave her "the weightier matters of the law." Purity of language is more valued than generosity of sentiment or nobleness of behavior. To speak with more grammatical accuracy than an Englishman, is matter of general boasting ; but to be his inferior in the kind and benevolent feelings he exhibits to every member of the human family, neither excites reflection nor inspires shame.' Vol. I., pp. 76, 77.

Another remarkable circumstance is, that the Americans discover much greater solicitude to stand well with the polite world of Europe, than with the more liberal and religious portion of the great community. It has been asserted by a Colonial journalist, that all the whites of Jamaica are Tories. Of course they are ; and so are the slave-holders of Carolina and Georgia, for the same reason. Whigs and Anti-Slavery reformers would be viewed in much the same light by the white aristocracy of the West India Islands, and of the *ci-devant* Colonies of the Continent. But this is not the sole reason of the marked preference shewn by the citizens even of the northern States for English Toryism, and the little sympathy manifested with the cause of civil and religious freedom in this country. It arises from a notion of the *gentility* of Conservatism, and from the wish of the wealthy *parvenu* of the New World, known under the name of Brother Jonathan, to ally himself to all that is patrician, while he affects to despise the titles and pomp of his elder relative. This Conservative taste, which so strongly and ludicrously contrasts itself with republican institutions, is conspicuous in the writings of Washington Irving. Let no English Radical expect a cordial reception from American republicans ; unless it be those of the back woods*. He will be viewed at best in the light of a vulgar rela-

* M. de Beaumont, a recent French Traveller in the United States, was struck with the apparent inconsistency in these republicans, of their passion for titles of nobility. 'Whether you shall be received with enthusiasm in America, very well, decently well, or coldly, depends,' he says, 'on whether you are duke, marquis, count, or nothing.' Heraldic insignia are much affected ; and they are fond of blazoning them on the panels of their carriages.

tion. The Americans, while affecting to despise rank, are particularly alive to niceties of caste; and a high-caste Englishman is sure of a respectful homage.

Every white American considers himself of course as ranking with Englishmen of the highest caste; and he prides himself upon his white skin and his correct pronunciation, as the testimonials of his nobility. Hence his horror at the idea of any mixture of blood that might deteriorate his title. In proportion as ranks are confounded in society, the pride of caste is called into action, and imaginary barriers are thrown up in place of the more palpable gradations*. In America, the only visible scale is that

* In support of these remarks, we cannot refrain from adducing the following paragraphs from Mr. Charles Lushington's admirable Guide Book to the Continental Tourist, (it aspires to no higher character,) entitled "Dates and Distances"; a volume distinguished by what are not often combined, sound sense and vivacity. 'People in Germany', he says, 'are content to enjoy an indulgence as a concession, and deem it no humiliation to be obliged to their superiors. Indeed, these obligations are conferred so much as a matter of course, that they are hardly perceived to be such. It is their habits, combined with the more even dissemination of riches, which create so much harmony among all ranks of society on the Continent, especially in Germany, and render the inferior classes so attached to those above them. The few who have immense wealth contrive to conciliate the great body of the people, by making them partakers of their luxuries, by opening to them their parks, gardens, and palaces, and by giving public fêtes and entertainments.

'Descending a little lower, official men, military officers, and rich citizens, do not disdain to sit down with a respectable artisan at the table d'hôte, at which the treatment is equal, the conversation general, and reciprocal courtesy prevails. In the country, too, the substantial proprietor travels about (especially on Sundays) with his family to dine at some inn-ordinary, where he is sure to meet with a numerous company, and where the distinction of ranks and wealth is forgotten in the levelling enjoyment of sociality. On all these occasions, moreover, females take their part, without their titles, except those of respectability, being rigidly scrutinized; so that a commandant, or the wearer of an order, does not decline to offer civilities to a bourgeoisie, tendered, too, not in the *de haut en bas* manner in which an Englishman would address a tradesman's wife, but in that language of deference which they consider due to the sex in general, and which the sex know full well how to appreciate. The consequence is, that their influence is added to the disposition entertained by their husbands, fathers, and brothers, to maintain a liberal and friendly connexion with those who, excelling them in rank and wealth, do not mortify them by neglect, or the more humiliating display of ostentatious condescension. Hence, as far as I could observe and collect during rapid progress

of colour, and every white is an hidalgo; but the true value of the white blood is, that it is felt to be a link to the European family. Every American, conscious that he can derive no rank from the social institutions of his own country, seeks to indemnify himself in the ideal dignity which belongs to the purity of caste, the aristocracy of breed, and the prerogatives of citizenship. The American has a quarrel against the titles, and feudal distinctions, and regal pomp of the Old World, but he is not the less disposed to pay a due attention to those who are distinguished by these outward signs of rank. He knows the value of the coin, though he dislikes the image and superscription. The pride of his republicanism is as exclusive as that of an old noblesse. 'It makes my blood boil in my veins', said one of these self-created nobles in a transport of fury against what he deemed an infringement of man's dignity,—'to see a *white man* standing behind a chair'.

The dread with which they view any amalgamation of the races, is not a little heightened by the apprehension of the effect it would have in lowering their national dignity in the eyes of the people of the old country. The following curious passage occurs in the *American Quarterly Review* for 1827.

through Germany, no hostility on the part of the poor, no jealousy on the side of the middling classes was borne towards the opulent. Even in Austria, one of the last remaining refuges of arbitrary power, general harmony seemed to prevail among the different grades of society. Whether the same good-will existed in relation to the government, is another question.

'If we examine the causes of the recent discontents in several states of Germany, it will be found that they have originated in the abuses and oppressions of the Government, not in dissatisfaction on the part of the people at the unequal distribution of property. The poor man complains of unjust monopolies, of the weight of imposts, or of mal-administration, not of the insolence of the aristocrats.

'Now, in England, there is no concatenation of society: a great gulf exists between the aristocracy and the middling and lower classes. The needy man is hourly exasperated by the display of enormous luxury, while he is in destitution, in which he has been taught to suppose, however erroneously, the rich feel no sympathy; and those somewhat higher in society are disgusted to find themselves slighted, because they are humble, and, unless endowed with pre-eminent talents, wholly excluded from the company of their superiors. It is really singular to reflect that, in free England, the distinction of rank and wealth is perhaps more strongly defined than in any other part of Europe, excepting Russia; and though there may be in some countries a greater glitter of uniforms, orders, and medals, yet, in essential haughtiness, in the despotism of riches, and in the abrupt demarcation of society, England is conspicuous and unrivalled.'

“The chief part of our countrymen conscientiously believe, that a mixture of the two races would deteriorate both our physical and intellectual character. Of this hypothesis we give no opinion. It, however, does not want arguments both of reason and authority to support it. But, whether it be true or false, so long as it prevails among our citizens, they will view with aversion and dread what must subject all of their country and race to a lasting physical debasement. Nor can they be expected to be indifferent to the future jeers and scoffs of the unmixed European race on either side of the Atlantic; who, with the ever ready disposition of mankind to claim a merit for any peculiarity of their own, would twit them with the ignominy of their descent.”

Vol. I. p. 175.

It is this very disposition in the American white, as displayed in his conduct towards the ignominious colour, which inspires a dread of being exposed to retaliation. ‘But what a dilemma’, remarks Mr. Abdy, ‘for a great nation! To tremble at the idea both of insurrection and of amalgamation, and to shrink equally from the resentment and from the love of the African race!’

In the preceding observations, we have endeavoured to analyse and account for the antipathy avowed by the Anglo-Americans towards their coloured countrymen. We must now offer a few considerations upon the inexcusableness and essential criminality of this prejudice, and upon its injurious and disorganizing tendencies.

In the first place, it pours contempt upon the fundamental principle of the American constitution. In the Declaration of Independence, the founders of the Federal Republic say: ‘We hold these truths to be self evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of those ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles.’ Now these propositions are either absolutely and universally true, or they are mere rhodomontade and words without meaning. Assuming their truth, the natural equality of all men, in respect to their unalienable rights, if an argument of any force in claiming political liberty, must *à fortiori* apply to the claim of every man to personal liberty. Every American slave-holder, then, by practically denying that claim, gives the lie to the ‘self-evident truth’ which lies at the basis of the entire political structure of the Federal Republic. Either he must deny the negro to be a man, or he must admit his equal and unalienable right to life and liberty. The proposition, that all white men are equal, would be more conso-

nant with the sentiments of modern Americans ; but, fortunately, this could not be established by any process of demonstration that should not involve the equality of blacks and whites. Besides, we know the sentiments of those who framed this Declaration, and who charged the King of Great Britain with 'waging war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of those who have never offended him', by 'keeping open a market where men may be bought and sold.' The King of Great Britain never authorized a *white* slave-trade. These '*men*', in whose persons the most sacred rights of human nature were violated, were African slaves ; and this is the language of Jefferson, the second President of the United States*. Every American slave-holder persists in that crime and execrable wrong which the King of this country was arraigned as a tyrant, by the founders of the Republic, for permitting to exist. Such conduct, then, is a double crime upon the American soil. It seems to reproach the authors of that memorable Declaration with the most disgusting hypocrisy ; or, if they were sincere, (which cannot be doubted,) it imparts a deeper dye to the villany of American piracy as practised by the present race.

But the coloured Americans are not merely created equal as men : they are politically equal, by the constitution, as citizens. Their claim to be considered as citizens has, indeed, of late, been called in question. A 'Mr. Justice Daggett', a zealous colonizationist, we learn from the present volumes, (Vol. I., p. 208,) has had the effrontery to maintain, that the coloured freemen are not citizens ; quoting, in support of his *dictum*, the opinion of Chancellor Kent, one of the greatest lawyers that America has to boast of. The passage cited from his Commentaries, however, merely recounts the fact, that, *in most of the States*, 'there is a distinction, in respect to political privileges, between free white persons, and free coloured persons of African blood' ; that in no part of the country do the latter participate, equally with the whites, in the exercise of civil and political rights ; that they 'are essentially a degraded caste' ; and that intermarriages between them and whites are forbidden in some of the States, and, when not contrary to law, 'are regarded as an offence against decorum'. Now all this goes to prove simply, that a distinction of caste exists in fact among those who are alike free, and therefore alike citizens. Distinctions of caste exist among whites ; and an unequal participation in the exercise of civil and political rights

* The paragraph containing these expressions was in the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, but was struck out by the committee, probably either as too strong in expression, or as too weak a reason.

must exist wherever there are privileged orders. What would be thought of the sanity of a person who should found upon such 'distinctions in respect of political privileges', a doubt whether the commonalty of this country possessed the rights of citizenship?

Mr. Abdy, however, has cited from the same authority other passages which clearly recognize this character of citizens in the coloured freemen. In one place, the American Blackstone says: 'The general qualification of electors of the assembly, &c., are, that they be of the age of twenty-one years and upwards, and free resident citizens In some of the States, they are required to possess property, and to be *white* as well as *free* citizens.' What can be clearer, than that, in all but the excepted States, colour is not a requisite qualification; and that there are free black citizens? But, as this is a point of no small importance, we shall make room for the additional evidence which Mr. Abdy has adduced as to the existing state of the law.

'By the first section of the second article of the constitution of New York State, "No man of color, *unless* he shall have been for three years a *citizen* of this State (New York), and for one year next preceding any election, shall be seised and possessed of a freehold estate of the value of 250 dollars, over and above all incumbrances, charged thereon, and shall have been actually rated and paid a tax thereon, shall be entitled to vote at any such election;"—(i. e. for representatives.)

'This is a question of the utmost importance: for as none but citizens can hold land in most of the States, or vote for members of Congress, not only would the titles of estates purchased of blacks by many whites be shaken; but the whole frame of government, with all its obligations, internal and external, and all its statutes, made by legislators to whose election blacks have contributed, might be endangered, if it were decided by the highest authority of the land, that no one of African descent can be a citizen of the United States.

'A few observations more upon this point may be pardoned. In the different Acts of Congress, which have been passed to establish rules of naturalization, "any alien, being a free white person, may be admitted to become a citizen of the United States." Then follow the conditions and qualifications. Now, if, as the Judsonians maintain, a colored person can never be a citizen, why was the epithet "*white*" employed on the occasion? Had no blacks been admitted to citizenship at home, Congress would not have thought of excluding them from it when aliens. Exclusion by legislative enactment implies the absence of previous disqualification by the constitution. In most of the States, the word "*white*" is used in fixing the qualification for voters, with the express object of excluding colored persons who would otherwise have been entitled to the franchise.

'A free mulatto convicted of a crime, which, by a law passed in 1823, subjected him to be sold, was purchased and taken from Virginia to Tennessee; the Circuit Court of which, on his petition, decided in favor of his freedom, on the ground that the statute under which he

had been condemned was contrary both to the Bill of Rights of Virginia, and to that clause in the constitution of the United States which prohibits bills of attainder. Considering the origin and object of this instrument, the protection thus afforded must have been given to him as a citizen.

‘ The Secretary of State is empowered by an act of Congress, to grant passports to American citizens, visiting foreign countries. Mr. Purvis, son-in-law of James Forten, a man highly respected, in spite of his African blood, at Philadelphia, received one not long ago on application. As it described him as a person of color, another passport, through the kindness of Mr. Roberts Vaux, was procured for him in the usual form. Here is a recognition from the highest authority to every foreign nation, that a colored man is a citizen of the United States. It may appear tedious to dwell so much on this point; but what must be the state of feeling in any country, when a judge, who depends upon it for his bread, can risk his professional reputation in asserting what any stranger, who happens to be travelling through it, can see at once to be as unfounded in principle as it is iniquitous in its motive and object ? ’ Vol. I. pp. 211—213.

Were the present law otherwise, it would only shew to how great an extent the common law of England, which is the common law of America, has been overruled and nullified, in defiance of the first principles of the Federal Constitution, by the State legislatures. To some of the iniquities of State legislation we shall have occasion to advert by and by. These petty irresponsible sovereignties, combining all the vulgarity and violence of democracy with the tyranny of oligarchy, are, in many of the States, on a level, in point of every quality that ought *not* to characterize a legislature, with a Jamaica House of Assembly. We speak of the southern and western States, the laws of which, as they bear upon the coloured population, and upon all who would befriend their cause, rival in atrocious despotism the edicts of any of the old monarchies. Russia or Austria is a land of liberty, compared with Georgia or Louisiana. In the slave-holding States of the American Union, the liberty of the press has no existence; the education of free persons of colour is a crime; and as to the ‘ black laws,’ they are an outrage upon humanity*. In Virginia, (where the slaves are better treated than in the more southern States, for the plain reason, that they are bred in this State for the southern market,) there are but two capital crimes (murder and arson) for the whites; while the punishment of death is affixed to more than *seventy* offences of which slaves may be convicted! ‘ It would be an endless and disgusting task,’ Mr Abdy remarks, ‘ to enumerate the abominations of the slave penal code, as it prevails in all its varieties throughout the

* See Eclectic Review, Vol. IX., 3d Series, pp. 153, 251, 255.

‘Southern States; the cruelty of the enactment being in a direct ratio with the difficulty of finding a substitute for the Penitentiary, and with the conscience-stricken cowardice of an unprincipled legislature.’ (Vol. II. p. 268.)

It is this double legislation of distinct legislatures, each a sovereignty within a sovereignty, which throws so much complication and obscurity over the whole subject of American jurisprudence and political economy; reducing the constitution to a riddle, and making it a mask for proceedings in direct contravention of its spirit. It is, we have seen, the fundamental law of the United States, ‘that all men are created equal;’ that, in virtue of that equality, all are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights. Splendid theory! But in what part of the States shall we find it realized in practice? The common law of America is excellent*: the statute law, every where variable, is in many States execrable. The Federal Government is respectable, and makes itself respected by other governments. The State governments, which neither court nor command respect out of their provincial jurisdiction, limited in their views to the narrow circle of sectional interests, and sheltered by their obscurity from the direct influence of public opinion, which keeps in some check even the despotic powers of Europe by a sort of international police,—form, it must be remembered, the actual domestic government of the American States, by which the freedom and security to be enjoyed by the inhabitants are defined and limited. These State governments have little in common, except in their machinery: in character, in the whole spirit of their legislation, they differ widely, and are, in some cases, even mutually hostile. What is law in one State, is not law in another; and the Yankee, whom the laws of New England restrain from piracy, on removing to the

* That is, so far as the common law of England is recognized; but the following language has been held in Congress, in the course of a long and memorable discussion about eight years ago, on the meaning of the word person. ‘Mr. Gurley said:—“Gentlemen say, a master cannot kill his slave, as he can his ox. This depends entirely upon the laws of the State in which he lives; and in no case can be urged against the right of property. Gentlemen should not forget, that the civil law, somewhat modified by statute, is the common law of Louisiana; and that, by the law of Rome, the master had absolute dominion over his slave, as he had over his child.” “Slavery,” exclaimed Mr. Mercer, “is as much a part of the constitution as the great right of representation; for, though the word ‘slave’ is not used in that instrument, the condition is admitted. It is clothed with rights, and protected; and the laws of Congress, and the decisions of the supreme court, are practical and living illustrations of its being an integral part of our system of government.”’ *Abdy*, Vol. II. p. 108.

west, becomes a licensed trader in human flesh, or sets himself down as a slave-holder. If the governments of New England, New York, and Pennsylvania are just and humane, an opposite character attaches to those of the slave-holding States; and the shield of the Federal Union is thrown over some of the vilest petty despotisms on the face of the earth. For any purpose of salutary control over the State Legislatures, the Federal system is powerless. The most solemn treaties made with the Indians by the General Government, have been violated and set aside by particular States; and the Supreme Court of the United States has refused to take cognizance of perfidious acts which defied its authority. It is a striking fact, that the Federal Government has always shewn itself more disposed to liberal policy, and more observant of justice and good faith, than the State governments; chiefly, we imagine, from its being more under the restraint of public and international opinion. The United States have repeatedly tendered to the aboriginal tribes within their territory the privileges of citizenship. The States severally will not allow any Indians to become their citizens! At length, the General Government has deserted these much injured and unoffending tribes, ignominiously branding itself with perfidy, the only excuse for which lies in its political weakness.

But the Federal Government itself is deeply involved in the guilt of violating the most sacred rights of life and liberty. Washington is the very focus of the slave-breeding trade.

‘It is not sufficient,’ says Mr. Abdy, ‘for the national dishonor, that the district (of Columbia) marked out for the residence and immediate jurisdiction of the general government should be polluted by slavery. Here, under the eyes of Congress,—in defiance of public opinion,—and as if courting the observation of assembled legislators and ambassadors, a traffic, the most base and revolting, is carried on by a set of ruffians, with whom it would be the greatest injustice to compare our resurrection-men. They are called slave-traders, and their occupation is to kidnap every colored stranger they can lay their hands on. No matter whether he be free or not, his papers, if he chance to have any they can get at, are taken from him; and he is hurried to gaol, from whence, under pretence that the documents he has in his possession are not satisfactory, or that he is unable to pay the expenses of his arrest and detention, he is sent off to the southern market. Men, women, and children, indiscriminately, who come to Washington in search of employment, or to visit their friends, are liable to be carried off by these land-sharks; one of whom boasted to a man, from whom I had the statement, that he had just made forty dollars by a job. Proprietors of slaves would be ungrateful if they did not connive at the iniquities of the kidnapper. The net that is laid for the unfriended free man is pretty sure to catch the runaway. These villains deal with the drivers and agents, and sometimes with the planters themselves. A poor fellow, whose claims to freedom were pronounced defective, was

purchased by one of them, not long ago, for a dollar, and sold the next day for four hundred. About the same time, a colored young woman was entering the city from the country, when she was pursued by one of these blood-hounds; and, to escape, threw herself into the river, and was drowned. No notice whatever was taken of this horrible occurrence by the public papers, though it was a matter of notoriety. Another woman, to save her children, who would all have been doomed to slavery, if her claims to freedom had been rejected, precipitated herself from the top of a house, where she was confined, and was so dreadfully mutilated and mangled that she was suffered to escape, because she was no longer fit for sale. There was no doubt that she was a free woman; but she knew a whole family of young slaves was too valuable a property not to turn the scale against her.

“Not long since,” (see Niles’s Reg. for July 1821,) “a negro man, at the moment of his transfer to one of these blood-merchants, cut his own throat on a public wharf at Baltimore; and, a few days ago, a negro woman, near Snow-hill in this State, (Maryland,) on being informed that she was sold, first cut the throat of her child, and then her own,—by which both of them immediately died.”

“Another, in the same year, at Baltimore, having been “sold to a dealer in human flesh for transportation, cut his own throat, and died at the moment when he was about to be delivered over to the blood-merchant through his agent, a peace-officer.”—Niles.

“Many cases of extreme atrocity were related to me. One was that of an unfortunate girl, whose mistress, from ungrounded jealousy, employed some of her slaves to hold her down, and then, with her own hands, cut off the fore part of her feet. This was done during the absence of her husband. She was then carried bleeding into an adjoining wood, and left there to perish. It happened to be a frosty night, and her wounds were stanchd by the cold. Her life was eventually preserved by a good Samaritan, who, hearing her groans, went to her, and carried her to his own home, where she continued to live;—her master, who had by chance discovered the place of her retreat, having presented her with her freedom,—partly in consideration of her sufferings, and partly to shield her from the resentment of his wife, who tried every art to get her into her power again. Were it not for the noble exertions that a few kind-hearted men, of whom I had the happiness to know two or three, are ready to make, as they have already made many, for the protection and defence of these helpless creatures, by far the greater part would be for ever deprived of their freedom; as it is very difficult for them, unfriended and unpitied, to establish a claim, which so many find it their interest to defeat or deny. Here, as in most, if not all, slave countries, the presumption is against liberty; and, contrary to every principle of moral and municipal law, a man is pronounced guilty because he cannot prove himself innocent. The onus is thrown upon the accused; and he is declared to be a slave, if he is unable to shew that he is free.

“The committee of the House of Representatives on the district of Columbia, reported, in 1827, that this presumption, founded on immemorial usage, and sanctioned by judicial decisions, was so necessary to the security of slave-property, that, “although it may occasionally

operate as a temporary hardship upon free persons of color, migrating to slave-holding States, from States in the Union where there exists no provision of law for the register of the evidences of emancipation or of freedom, they cannot recommend an abrogation of this long established principle." No doubt the Arabs and Algerines, the pirates of Cuba and Sumatra, have the same usages and principles: and what traveller or merchant would be allowed to dispute their justice, when once they have got him into their clutches? Vol. II. pp. 91—95.

Frequent petitions have been presented to Congress, praying for the abolition of slavery in the district of Columbia, which belongs to no separate State; but in vain. Congress has exclusive jurisdiction within this district, and therefore the General Government is responsible for the legalized iniquity which is still suffered to exist in the capital of this free republic. The laws of Maryland and Virginia, from which the existing regulations have been derived, have long since been modified and repealed; yet, the laws of this district cannot even be brought to the point of melioration which the statutes of those two States have admitted! The city of Washington, it was recently stated in Congress, receives 400 dollars annually for licenses to slave-dealers, to carry on the trade in the federal district. There are actually two or three slave-factories or depôts in the metropolis of American liberty*. In what a light does this fact place the hypocritical professions of the advocates of African Colonization, who could at once, by their influence in Congress, effect the removal of this crowning abomination! One regrets that the name of Washington should have been given to this seat of iniquity. As it is a triple city, a more appropriate appellation would be, *the American Tripoli*.

It is, however, admitted by the more respectable portion of the community, north of the Potomac, that slavery is 'wrong'; nay, that it is 'sinful',—only it would be impolitic and 'offensive to gentlemen of the south', and 'would create prejudice', to call it a sin†. This is, indeed, becoming all things to all men in the worst sense; to all men but the poor blacks. We rejoice to learn that there are a few honest and good men, however,

* Mr. Dickson, of New York, stated this fact in Congress, in moving, on Feb. 2, that a memorial from 800 ladies of New York, praying for the abolition of slavery in the district of Columbia, be referred to a select committee. An amendment moved, to get rid of it, by Mr. Chinn, of Virginia, was carried by a majority of 117 against 77.

† Such are the reasons assigned by several reverend and other speakers for refusing to term slavery a sin, in the Resolutions of the "American Union for the relief and improvement of the Coloured Race", formed at Boston, Jan. 14, 1835.

who have the courage to speak out without compromise, and to denounce slavery as both a sin against God and a wrong against their fellows. They form, at present, a small minority, and are the objects of a bitter hostility on the part of the pretended friends of 'the coloured people'. But would those who hesitate to call the holding of black men in predial bondage a sin, feel any such scruple in denouncing white slavery as sinful? Assuredly not; and thus, their tenderness towards the planter betrays the prejudice which distorts their moral vision. If 'all men are created equal', is not the denial of social equality to the coloured freeman born on the same soil, as much a wrong as withholding personal freedom from the bondman? Is not the fundamental principle of republicanism as grossly violated by the exclusion of the coloured citizens from constitutional privileges, as by the perpetuation of slavery? The American constitution rejects the institution of nobility, the distinctions of hereditary birth, the pomp of titles, and allows of no privileged orders. In defence of that constitution, citizens of every shade of colour fought and bled. Patriotism has proved itself in America to be of no colour: and the distinctions of caste, which now are allowed to separate the white skins from those of darker tinge, would all be swept away by stern necessity, should ever the time return for testing, in the field of battle, the respective qualities of white and black blood. War is a great leveller: at least, it confounds all distinctions but those which it creates, ennobling those of meanest breed and darkest hue, and pouring contempt upon the fantastical niceties of aristocratical pride. Military prowess has placed a man of colour at the head of one of the South American States; and should the north ever become the scene of intestine conflict or foreign invasion—which we say from the bottom of our hearts, may God avert!—the probability would be great, that the coloured race would not only justify their equality, but compel the recognition of their claims; nay, that some dark-skinned hero might force his way, by his valour and patriotism, to the chair of Washington.

This rank and corrupt prejudice of caste could only have attained its present strength during years of profound national tranquillity. Surely this forms at once a proof of its unreasonableness and an aggravation of its criminality. Often has the Divine justice made use of the scourge of war, to punish a luxurious nation for the iniquities of a time of peace. Is America beyond the reach of a similar retribution? But even if no such calamity should befall her, is she not taking an ungenerous and ungrateful advantage of her favoured position, to expatriate those whom, at the first alarm of a foreign trumpet, she would be glad to recall to her national standard? Yes, she would be too happy, in that event, to abandon Liberia, if she could gain back her sable

exiles to man the walls of New Orleans, or to save 'the White House' from another humiliation.

Look at this antipathy in what light we may, it is, in an American citizen, who boasts of his free constitution, of his emancipation from European prejudice, of the intellectual advancement of his nation, peculiarly unreasonable; and must tend to degrade him in the estimation of enlightened men of other nations, far more than any intermixture of blood or deterioration of breed could possibly do. The assumption of an inferiority in mixed breeds is so entirely at variance, not only with historical fact, but with physiological science, that it must be regarded as either founded on ignorance, or persisted in against better knowledge. Deformities that characterize the pure races, as in the case of the Calmuck, are not merely obliterated by intermarriages, but forms of great personal beauty are often the production of such mixed breeds. The quadroon is, we believe, generally handsome. Thus, nature attests not merely the legitimacy, but the physical advantage of unions that bind together the different tribes of the human family, and soften down the features of repulsive dissimilarity. The greatest nations have been formed by a mixture of races, the conquerors blending with the conquered, the intruders with the indigenous tribes; and in some of the finest races, the noble stock has been constantly replenished with a foreign admixture, supplied by the barbarous customs of purchase or war. The pure races have rarely or never kept up their numbers; or, if they have not rapidly decreased, have physically deteriorated. It is worthy also of remark, that nature seems to dictate the harmonious blending of her own varieties, by inspiring, very generally, a preference for shades of colour and physical forms dissimilar from that of the individual. If it be thought unnatural that a white should admire a sable beauty, (for violent transitions and oppositions are not conformable with nature's laws,) yet, that a fair skin should prefer a brunette, and a swarthy Andalusian a blonde, accords with all experience.

Nor let it be supposed that the African race forms any exception to the general rule. There is no race that can with propriety be denominated African. The very term is either a blunder or a falsehood, or a compound of both. Of the five great physiological varieties of the human family, three are found inhabiting the African peninsula; and a jet black is the colour of some tribes which must be referred to the Caucasian type. The Arab, the Hindoo, the Asiatic Portuguese, and the Indian Jew have skins as dark as the Mandingo, the Foolah, the Yolof, or the Angola Negro. The slave-factor has not been nice or partial in the selection of his cargoes; and the American plantations have assuredly not been stocked, any more than those of the West India islands, with only blacks or woolly-haired ne-

groes. The term 'coloured' is undoubtedly convenient, for it covers all varieties, from the olive Moor, or red-brown Arab, to the ebony or inky varieties of Guinea or Soudan. An African prince, born at Timbuctoo, and whose name (Abou Bekir Sadiki) would seem to betoken his Arab descent and Mohammedan creed, has recently obtained his freedom by the remission of his apprenticeship, after *thirty years' bondage* in Jamaica *. In Africa itself, the races have become intermixed; and among the Foulahs, as well as the Berbers, are tribes whose complexion approaches to white. Among the many persons of colour whom Mr. Abdy visited at Philadelphia, was 'a woman of singular intelligence and good breeding, with a handsome, expressive countenance and a graceful person,' yet 'of pure African descent.' Her history is interesting, and we shall not apologize for the digression.

Her mother, who had been stolen from her native land at an early age, was the daughter of a king, and is now, in her eighty-fifth year, the parent stem of no less than 182 living branches. When taken by the slavers, she had with her a piece of gold as an ornament, to denote her rank. Of this she was of course deprived; and a solid bar of the same metal, which her parent sent over to America for the purchase of her freedom, shared the same fate. Christiana Gibbons, who is thus the grand-daughter of a prince of the Ebo tribe, was bought, when about fifteen years of age, by a woman who was struck by her interesting appearance, and emancipated her. Her benefactress left her, at her death, a legacy of 8,000 dollars. The whole of this money was lost by the failure of a bank, in which her legal trustee (a man of the name of James Morrison, since dead) had placed it in his own name. She had other property, acquired by her own industry, and affording a rent of 500 dollars a year. Her agent, however, Colonel Myers, though indebted to her for many attentions and marks of kindness during sickness, had neglected to remit her the money from Savannah, in Georgia, where the estate is situated; and, when I saw her, she was living, with her husband and son, on the fruits of her labor.

She had not been long resident in Philadelphia, whither she had come to escape the numerous impositions and annoyances to which she was exposed in Georgia. Her husband was owner of a wharf in Savannah, worth eight or ten thousand dollars. It is much to be feared that the greater part of this property will be lost, or not recovered without great difficulty. I was induced to call upon her, in consequence of a letter I had received from Mr. Kingsley, of whom I have before spoken. He had long been acquainted with her, and spoke of

* Specimens of his writing in Arabic, which he acquired in his native land, may be seen at the office of the British and Foreign Society for the Abolition of Slavery, No. 18, Aldermanbury.

her to me in the highest terms ; wishing that I should see what he considered a " good specimen of the race."

' We found her, indeed, a very remarkable woman ; though it is probable that there are many among the despised slaves as amiable and accomplished as herself. Such, at least, was the account she gave us of their condition, that we felt convinced of the superiority possessed by many, in moral worth and intellectual acuteness, above their oppressors.' Vol. III. pp. 346—348.

With the American aristocracy, however, the red Indian finds as little favour as the black ' African ' ; and the mulatto, whose European relationship is the most conspicuous, is treated with no more courtesy than the woolly Ethiop. Nor is it only intermarriage with these semi-Europeans, that is held to be an offence : they are repelled from the social table by the descendants, it may be, of English runaways and Irish paupers. The air of the American Republic can bleach the darkest character, can take out every stain but that of the skin. Complexion is there a thing of infinitely more consequence than character. Is this severe language ? It may read like satire, but it is the simple fact, as avowed by the advocates of African colonization. ' Let the ' free black in this country,' it has been said, ' toil from youth to ' age in the honourable pursuit of wisdom ; let him store his ' mind with the most valuable researches of science and literature ; ' and let him add to a highly gifted and cultivated intellect, a ' piety pure, undefiled, and unspotted from the world ; *it is all ' nothing : he would not be received into the very lowest walks ' of society.* If we were constrained to admire so uncommon a ' being, our admiration would mingle with disgust, because, in ' the physical organization of his frame, we meet an insurmountable barrier even to an approach to social intercourse.'* ' With ' us, colour is the bar. Nature has raised up barriers between ' the races, which no man with a proper sense of the dignity of ' his species, desires to see surmounted.'† A prejudice so senseless, so inveterate, so unmanly, so wilfully opposed to truth and morality as this, never before disgraced a people who had attained to so high a civilization. Well would it be for the Americans, if they could be laughed out of it by their European brethren :—for to reason them out of it seems hopeless. It appears like a *monomania* running through society ; an endemic fanaticism, resembling in its violence and unreasonableness the horrible rage against imaginary witchcraft, which seized upon the people of New England in the seventeenth century. The language we have cited betrays what may be termed an absolute *nigro-phobia*. Were we not then justified in saying, that if the

* African Repository, Vol. VII. p. 231.

† Speeches at the formation of a Colonization Society in New York.

Redeemer of mankind had appeared to the American nation "in the form of a servant," with a skin of a darker tinge than their own, they would have rejected his pretensions, and have exclaimed with one voice, "Crucify him?" When we find such a spirit as this in Christians, can we wonder at the haughty prejudice of the ancient Jews towards the Gentiles, which led them to resent Our Saviour's eating with publicans and sinners, and to exclaim against the Apostle of the Gentiles: "Away with such a fellow from the earth, for it is not fit that he should live?"

Very few words will be requisite to place the anti-Christian character of this antipathy in a clear point of view. Christianity allows of no antipathies. Without levelling the political gradations of society, it disallows and annihilates all distinctions of race:—"Greek or Jew, Barbarian, Scythian, bond or free," are all "one in Christ Jesus." "To make in himself of the two" hostile castes, the circumcision and the uncircumcision, "one new man" (or mankind), and to "break down the middle wall of partition between them," was, St. Paul declares, one end for which Our Lord "reconciled both unto God in one body by the cross".* And that within the Christian Church, all distinctions in social intercourse founded upon national prejudice, were forbidden, is proved by the fact, that for a Christian Jew to refuse to eat with the Gentiles, was deemed inconsistent with the law of Christ. "Ye know," said St. Peter to the Centurion of the Italian band stationed at Corinth†, "how that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to keep company with, or come unto one *who is of another nation*; but God hath shewed me that I should not call any man common or unclean. Therefore I came unto you." And when St. Peter, some seventeen years after this, dissembled his sentiments on this point, in deference to the prejudice of the Jewish Christians of Jerusalem, the Apostle of the Gentiles, seeing that both Peter and Barnabas conducted themselves in this respect "not according to the truth of the Gospel," withstood them to the face, because they were blameable‡. We beg our readers to remark, that the refusal to eat with the Gentiles had no relation to religious worship, or to the Lord's Supper, but was an expression of national contempt, of unsocial pride and antipathy, which the Apostle warmly resented as incompatible with the Christian character.

No one who professes to receive the New Testament as the rule of his faith, will dispute that the example and authority of the Apostles are binding upon us. Pursuing then our inquiry a little further, we find that, under the term brotherhood, the whole of the body of Christ was included. The term brother is applied alike to the master and the slave. "Let as many bond servants

* Eph. ii. 14—16.

† Acts xi. 28.

‡ Gal. ii. 11—14.

(δουλοι) as have believing masters," says St. Paul, "not despise them because they are brethren, but rather do them service, because they are faithful and beloved."* And Onesimus, the run-away domestic slave, who had become a convert through the Apostle's ministry, is spoken of as claiming to be received by his master, "not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved"†. If these passages may seem to afford an indirect license to the Roman servitude, (which, however, had little in common with the colonial slavery of modern times‡,) as a civil institution then existing, they shew, at the same time, that even the bondman, on becoming a Christian, claimed to be viewed as "the Lord's freeman," and, though not released from his social obligations, as a brother for whom Christ died §.

We are not now insisting upon the unlawfulness, according to Apostolic principles, of holding our Christian brethren in predial bondage; (a position quite as self-evident as the fundamental principle of republicanism;) our present argument is this; that if even a bondman or a slave was thus raised by his Christian profession to the character of a brother, much more must a freeman of any nation have been regarded in this light. But the white Christians of the United States refuse to admit their sable fellow Christians to even religious communion, as well as to social intercourse. In their view, a difference of colour is sufficient to destroy the oneness of the body of Christ; and an antipathy founded upon the pride of caste, is allowed to overrule all the positive obligations to brotherly kindness, founded upon that unity. To the Apostle's indignant appeal, "Is Christ divided?" the American divine must reply: 'Yes, by a broad and impassable division, by a mutual repulsion which Christianity cannot remove, which religion cannot subdue; by 'an ordination of Providence' which is stronger than the law of Christ. God has *not* made of one blood all races of men; and the black and the white blood were never intended by Him to mingle. One body Christians never can be, for, although we have "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is in all," still, not being of one colour, it is physically impossible they should ever coalesce and form one brotherhood.' Such, we say, is the reply which the conduct of American Christians would furnish. Yet, one of their most admired writers, Dr. Channing, has the following passage in one of his discourses:—

"We undoubtedly feel ourselves to be all of one race; and this is well: we trace ourselves up to one pair, and feel the same blood flowing in our veins. But do we understand our spiritual brotherhood?"

* 1 Tim. vi. 2.

† Philemon 16.

‡ See on this subject, Ecl. Rev. Vol. IX., pp. 283—287; 397.

§ 1 Cor. vii. 22. Rem. xiv. 15.

Do we feel ourselves to be derived from one Heavenly Parent, in whose image we are all made, and whose perfection we may constantly approach? Do we feel that there is one Divine life in our own and in all souls? This seems to me the only true bond of man to man. Here is a tie more sacred, more enduring, than all the ties of earth. Is it felt? And do we in consequence truly honour one another?"

Vol. I. p. 221, *note.*

Who could have believed that the Writer of this beautiful passage would be found insisting, in conversation with Mr. Abdy, upon the invincible strength of the prejudice of colour in his countrymen, as a justification of the cruelty, injustice, and intolerance to which it leads, or, at least, as a reason for the continuance of degrading and unjust distinctions? Alas! the only true bond of man to man, the sacred tie of the Divine life, is *not* felt, it would seem, even by the teacher of others, when colour and caste cross the relationship. 'Our captain,' says old Fuller in "his Holy State," portraying a religious sailor, 'counts the image of God nevertheless his image, cut in ebony, as if done in ivory.' Not so our American philosopher; nor, alas! those who sustain in America the sacred office of Christian pastors!

The Americans themselves compare the antipathy felt towards the coloured race, to that which separates the Brahmin from the Soodra in the Indian social system. Venerable and enlightened precedent for a Christian nation! But may we be allowed to ask, how American Missionaries would deal with this pride of caste in the converted Brahmin? Would they allow it to be compatible with the spirit of Christianity, with the evidence of conversion? Would they not, on the contrary, exact from the heathen convert the renunciation of his cherished prejudice of birth, as a condition of his being received into the Christian brotherhood? Would they not refer him to the example of the high-born Hebrew of the Hebrews, who once keenly felt all the pride of birth and caste, considering these distinctions as his most precious possession; yet, who counted them "loss for Christ"? Would they not urge the duty of crucifying the principle of vainglory and unsocial pride by the still higher example of Him who, "though in the form of God, made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant", and refused not to eat and drink with Soodras and Pariahs, with publicans and sinners;—of Him who, though "the brightness of the Father's glory", is "not ashamed to call us men"—white or black—his "brethren"? Would they not insist upon the duty of imitating the mind of Christ, of walking as he walked, who "pleased not himself"? Would they, or would they not, enforce these arguments by their own example? Would they refuse to eat, to join in social worship, with the sable Hindoo convert of the deepest shade or lowest caste? Or would they

build Brahmin Christian churches for one caste of converts, and Soodra Christian churches for another caste, with a Mission Chapel for those of European complexion? We know how American Missionaries have acted, how they must act in heathen countries. But how do their home Missionaries act? Melancholy inconsistency! Ministers of the Gospel in America talk of the invincibility of national prejudice; while yet they expect the heathen to be weaned by the faith of the Gospel from prejudices and antipathies less inexcusable than their own. "Thou that teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?"

It really seems to us, that the truth of the Christian religion is implicated in the issue of this struggle of principles in the United States. The prejudice against the Blacks has erected itself in open defiance of the power of religion, and disputes the supremacy with Christianity itself. It says in effect to the Creator, as an apology for antipathies charged upon Nature, "Why hast thou made us thus?" The consideration, "Who hath made thee to differ," instead of inspiring humility or benevolence towards others, is perverted into a justification of the pride of assumed superiority. Not only so, but the Church has not scrupled to borrow a plea for her inconsistency from the infidel, and to make use of an hypothesis, invented in opposition to Revelation, respecting an essential and original distinction in the human race, in order to palliate the national sin. But she cannot palliate the distinction of caste between the whites and the coloured race, without palliating slavery itself, which rests its chief justification upon the physical inferiority of the 'African' race. The prejudice against the free blacks is assigned as the strongest reason against the emancipation of the slaves. The existence of slavery, on the other hand, is a principal reason for seeking to expatriate the free blacks. In this vicious circle moves the American policy!

In the mean time, the Africans (as they are called) are multiplying much faster than suits that nefarious policy; and the Colonization scheme is found too expensive as well as too slow a process of deportation. Liberia is a failure, and will soon be universally known to be such. Some atrocious suggestions have been thrown out, with a view to prevent their natural increase*. The jealous precautions of the slave-holding States are also leading them to increase the rigours and terrors of the penal code. The progress of education among the coloured race is deprecated as one of the greatest evils. A feverish anxiety upon this subject pervades the whole community. But no one speaks of repentance. It must not be whispered, that slavery is a sin. No re-

* See Abdy, Vol. I. pp. 49—51.

paration to the victims of injustice and oppression is spoken of, except that of transporting them to a pestilential foreign shore, by way of shortening their course to the "glorious emancipation" of the sons of God. Reflecting upon conduct like this on the part of Protestant Christians, whose forefathers were themselves strangers in the land, "ready to perish", driven forth by religious persecution from their native land, to serve their God in the wilderness,—we tremble for America; tremble, as their own Jefferson said, 'when we reflect that God is just, and that his justice will not sleep for ever.'

Had not this article already extended under our hand to so unusual a length, it would be easy to shew that the Americans have already been punished, to a certain extent, by their own sin. It is a blight, as well as a blot, upon the national character. 'It is curious to observe', says Mr. Abdy, 'how even the foreign policy of the nation is influenced by these feelings.'

'Whether the Emperor Alexander* be solicited to urge upon Ferdinand the recognition of South American independence;—whether fears be entertained that Cuba should fall into the hands of England or of Mexico;—whether Hayti is to take her place in the rank of Free States;—the actuating motive is an apprehension lest the black man should break his chains, and rise to a level with his oppressor.'

'It is scarcely possible in the nature of things, that Mexico and the other new States will much longer submit to be insulted. Mr. Berrien, in allusion to the projected conquest of Cuba and Puerto Rico, by the South Americans, said openly in the Senate at Washington, in

* "Early in 1825, the United States made overtures to Russia and France, having for their object to procure an acknowledgement of the independence of the American republics on the basis of guaranteeing to Spain the possession of Cuba and Puerto Rico."—*American Annual Reg.*, 1825.

"You are authorized, in the spirit of the most perfect frankness and friendship, which have ever characterised all the relations between Russia and the United States, to disclose, without reserve, the feelings and the wishes of the United States in respect to Cuba and Puerto Rico. They are satisfied with the present condition of those islands, now open to the commerce and enterprise of their citizens. They desire, for themselves, no political change in them. If Cuba were to declare itself independent, the amount and the character of its population render it improbable that it could maintain its independence."—Extract of a letter from Mr. Clay to Mr. Middleton, 10 May, 1825.

'The annals of human adulation cannot exhibit a more disgusting instance of fawning flattery than is to be found in the pages of the *American Annual Register*, in its eulogy upon the Emperor Alexander.'

1826:—"The question to be determined is this: with a due regard to the safety of the Southern States, can you suffer these islands to pass into the hands of bucaniers, drunk with their new-born liberty?" Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, declared on that occasion, that the federal government had committed a great error in entering into treaties with Great Britain and Columbia for the suppression of the slave-trade. "That error," he exclaimed, "has been happily corrected. The first treaty has failed; and the second was nearly unanimously rejected by this body. Our policy, then, is now firmly fixed: our course is marked out. With nothing connected with slavery can we consent to treat with other nations; and, least of all, ought we to touch the question of the independence of Hayti, in conjunction with revolutionary governments, whose own history affords an example scarcely less fatal to our repose. Those governments have proclaimed the principles of liberty and equality, and have marched to victory under the banners of 'universal emancipation'. You find men of color at the head of their armies, in their legislative halls, and in their executive departments. They are looking to Hayti, even now, with feelings of the strongest confraternity; and shew, by the very documents before us, that they acknowledge her to be independent, at the moment when it is manifest to all the world beside, that she has resumed her colonial subjection to France." Worse language than this was used by John Randolph; and the senate exhibited, during the long and protracted discussion, the most rabid symptoms of the endemic monomania.

"The peace of eleven States in this Union," said Mr. Benton of Missouri, "will not permit the fruits of a successful negro insurrection to be exhibited among them. It will not permit black consuls and ambassadors to establish themselves in our cities, and to parade through our country, and give their fellow blacks in the United States proof in hand of the honours which await them for a like successful effort on their part. It will not permit the fact to be seen and told, that, for the murder of their masters and mistresses, they are to find friends among the white people of these United States. No! Mr. President, this is a question which has been determined here for three and thirty years;—one which has never been open for discussion at home or abroad, either under the Presidency of General Washington, of the first Mr. Adams, of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison, or Mr. Monroe. It is one which cannot be discussed in this chamber on this day:—and shall we go to Panama to discuss it? I take it in the mildest supposed character of this congress,—shall we go there to advise and consult about it? Who are to advise and sit in judgment upon it? Five nations, who have already put the black man upon an equality with the white,—not only in their constitutions, but in real life;—five nations, who have at this moment (at least some of them) black generals in their armies, and mulatto senators in their congresses!"

Vol. I. pp. 363—373.

'Five nations' which will not be quite so easily subdued or exterminated as those of Lake Huron.

Such are the insane vapourings of the legislators of the United States, with a volcano at their feet. The coloured Americans,

slaves and free, are already 'more numerous than the whites were, when they obtained their independence; and every day, while it adds to the strength of the one, diminishes the relative superiority of the other.' It is not too late to listen to the voice of justice, humanity, and rational policy,—to come to terms with the future. But if the warning be despised, wo to the Republic.

We strongly recommend Mr. Abdy's volumes to the perusal of our readers. We shall resume the general subject of American Institutions in our next.

Art. II. *Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalha*. By the Author of *Vathek*. 8vo., pp. 228. London, 1835.

'THE Author of *Vathek*,' or, in unveiled phrase, Mr. Beckford, recently put forth a couple of volumes, written in gay and graphic style, and commemorating the more piquant circumstances of a visit to the southern and south-eastern regions of Europe;—a visit bearing so old a date as to be almost referrible to that indeterminate period so often spoken of as *auld lang syne**. We were amused, certainly, with those somewhat overpraised reminiscences of a lively and self-indulgent spirit; but they contain little valuable information, though relating to times and scenes that might well have afforded it: their very liveliness, too, seemed to us not altogether unforced, nor free from an alloy of recklessness and extravagance. They took, however, greatly with the public; and the effect of their popularity shews itself in the present volume, a sort of episode to the former; divided, not into letters, or sections, or chapters, but 'days';—a dodecameron,—a twelve days' sojourn amid the brightest scenes of earth and sky, the noblest realization of constructive genius, and the happiest inventions of culinary art.

In June 1794, the Grand Prior of Aviz, and the Prior of San Vicente, the 'intimate and particular friends' of our privileged countryman, were deputed from Lisbon on a royal visitation to the Monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalha; and by special request of the Prince Regent, our Author, an Englishman and a heretic, attached himself, as a supernumerary, to the ecclesiastical commission. Both these dignitaries were voluptuaries, so far at least, as the pleasures of the table and the careful preparation for soft and unbroken repose might be concerned; but they appear to have been also amiable men, and he of St. Vin-

* See *Ecl. Rev.*, 3d Series, Vol. XII., (July 1834,) pp. 75—87.

cent is lauded as a most 'delightful companion,' worthy of better, or at least more brilliant, times and associations;—of 'the days of those polished and gifted canons and cardinals who formed such a galaxy of talent and facetiousness round Leo the Tenth.'

Every arrangement was made for ease and enjoyment. The carriage was a *dormeuse*; the stages were to be short and smooth; the meals promised to succeed each other with the most harmonious regularity; the resting stations were well selected; and the sleeping apparatus, all yielding and elastic, was safely packed in boot and basket, mocking casualty and defying fate. All this 'array of incumbrances,' pleasant as it might be to orthodox folk who place the happiness of life in eating and napping, seems to have sorely vexed the heretic, who would fain have given the hams and preserves for a scramble to the mob, and have flung the down cushions into the Tagus. Much mobbing and shouting took place at departure, till at length, the heavy procession put itself in motion. It reached without hinderance or mischance, the termination of the first day's journey, at a rich farming establishment, belonging to the monks of St. Vincent; and at this delightful halting place, 'half villa, half hermitage,' the second and third 'days' were lounged away. It was not until the fifth of these diurnal divisions, that the travellers reached Alcobaça, where the vast platform in front of the massive buildings was filled with the entire garrison of the convent, 'at least four hundred strong,' headed by the abbot himself, in grand costume as High Almoner of Portugal. The first movement was to the 'spacious, massive, and somewhat austere' Saxon-looking church. All was gloom, except where the perpetual lamps burning before the high altar diffused a light most 'solemn and religious.' 'To this altar,' says Mr. Beckford, 'my high clerical conductors repaired.' The next visit was to the *kitchen*.

'The three prelates led the way to, I verily believe, the most distinguished temple of gluttony in Europe. What Glastonbury may have been in its palmy state, I cannot answer; but my eyes never beheld, in any modern convent of France, Italy, or Germany, such an enormous space dedicated to culinary purposes. Through the centre of the immense and nobly-groined hall, not less than sixty feet in diameter, ran a brisk rivulet of the clearest water, flowing through pierced wooden reservoirs, containing every sort and size of the finest river-fish. On one side loads of game and venison were heaped up; on the other, vegetables and fruit in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stoves, extended a row of ovens; and close to them, hillocks of wheaten flour whiter than snow, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in vast abundance, which a numerous tribe of lay-brothers and their attendants were rolling out and puffing up into a hundred

different shapes, singing all the while as blithely as larks in a corn-field.'

The third transition was to the banquet.

'We passed through a succession of cloisters and galleries, which the shades of evening rendered dimly visible; till we entered a saloon, superb indeed, covered with pictures, and lighted up by a profusion of wax tapers in sconces of silver. Right in the centre of this stately room stood a most ample table, covered with fringed, embroidered linen, and round it four ponderous fauteuils for the guest and the three prelates. The banquet itself consisted of not only the most excellent usual fare, but rarities and delicacies of past seasons and distant countries; exquisite sausages, potted lampreys, strange messes from the Brazils, and others still stranger from China, (edible birds' nests and sharks' fins,) dressed after the latest mode of Macao by a Chinese lay-brother. Confectionery and fruits were out of the question here; they awaited us in an adjoining still more spacious and sumptuous apartment, to which we retired from the effluvia of viands and sauces. The table being removed, four good-looking novices, lads of fifteen or sixteen, demure even to primness, came in, bearing cassollettes of Goa filigree, steaming with a fragrant vapour of Calambac, the finest quality of wood of aloes.'

Then came dull music and duller dancing, monks and seculars being the *figurants*, till the happy hour arrived, in which all this feasting and all this exhibition gave way to the irresistible inclination for 'balmy sleep,'—if the sleep could indeed be balmy, that followed such excess.

The sixth *Giornata* found Mr. Beckford rather annoyed by all this heavy campaigning; and he determined on varying it by the lighter movements of a noon-day walk—in Portugal, in the very month of June, when every thing that has an eye to close, gives way to slumber. He started with a young monk for his companion, who, however, soon found a *gîte* under the deep shadow of a groupe of tall cypresses. From the exquisite description of this excursion, we must borrow a few sentences.

'We passed through quadrangles after quadrangles, and courts after courts, till, opening a sly door in an obscure corner, which had proved a convenient sally-port, no doubt, for many an agreeable excursion, we found ourselves in a winding alley, bordered by sheds and cottages, with irregular steps leading up to rustic porches and many a vine-bower and many a trellised walk. No human being was to be heard or seen; no poultry were parading about; and except a beautiful white macaw perched on a broken wall, and nestling his bill under his feathers, not a single member of the feathered creation was visible. There was a holy calm in this mid-day silence;—a sacredness, as if all nature had been fearful to disturb the slumbers of universal Pan.

'I kept, however, straggling on—impiously, it would have been thought in Pagan times—between long stretches of garden-walls over-

hung by fig-trees ; the air so profoundly tranquil that I actually heard a fruit drop from a bough. Sometimes I was enticed down a mysterious lane, by the prospect of a crag and a Moorish castle, which offered itself to view at its termination, and sometimes under ruined arches which crossed my path in the most picturesque manner.

* * * * *

‘ It was now half-past one, and the world of Alcobaça was alive again : the peasant had resumed her distaff, the monk his breviary, the ox his labour, and the sound of the *mora*, or water-wheel, was heard in the land. The important hour of dinner at the convent, I knew was approaching ; I wished to scale the crag above the village, and visit the Moorish castle, which looked most invitingly picturesque, with its varied outline of wall and tower ; but I saw a *possé* of monks and novices advancing from the convent, bowing and beckoning me to return.’

Mr. Beckford had expressed a desire to visit the monastery of Batalha ; and his hospitable entertainers, prompt to gratify his wishes, made instant preparation for the jaunt, by loading sumpter-mules with a redundancy of *matériel* pertaining to the least refined of our animal enjoyments. Some slight accidents enlivened the journey. The memorable plain of Aljubarrota was well fitted to awaken the highest enthusiasm in Portuguese bosoms ; but, when it broke upon the view, their Excellencies were employed in discussing sundry bottles of an admirable wine, the produce of the neighbourhood, and bearing the same glorious name. Their sympathies did not long hesitate between the battle and the wine.—‘ Yonder, along that dark ravine, rushed ‘ the Castilian knights in wild dismay, while the Lusitanian ‘ sword made havock of their broken rear,’ might Mr. Beckford exclaim with courteous exultation. ‘ *Muito bom—primoroso—excellente,*’ murmured the churchmen, as they drained the glass. The Juiz de Toro, a great local antiquary in his way, struck in with a grand episode of some unconquerable warrior of Portugal, before whose lance the bravest of the invaders went down. ‘ Ten thousand thanks for your excellent wine : drive on.’ And drive on, says Mr. B., they did, with more zeal than discretion, for there was hard riding, and fierce driving, and casualties according, among the party. The Grand Prior and his friends ‘ fell fast asleep,’ and continued their nap until awakened by ‘ a tremendous jolt,’ on the edge of a secluded vale, densely wooded, and thinly inhabited ; while, high above the close foliage of its thickets, towered ‘ the great church of Batalha, with ‘ its rich cluster of abbatial buildings, buttresses, and pinnacles, ‘ and fretted spires.’ Far and wide stretched its deep shadows, broken by the lights that streamed from its windows, or glanced athwart its dark front, while the lofty entrance was marked by the strong illumination of collected torches ; and, as the *cortége*

drew nigh, the whole community appeared to 'welcome the coming guest.' The establishment, however, was poor, and the monks looked on in utter amazement at the luxuries which were unpacked from 'plethoric hampers.' Wines of richest vintage, 'ham and pies and sausages,' came forth from their repositories; and the Batalha Prior, with his attendants, seem to have suspected sorcery, 'when they saw a gauze-curtained bed, and the Grand Prior's fringed pillow, and the Prior of St. Vincent's 'superb coverlid, and basins and ewers, and other utensils of 'glittering silver, being carried in.'

A substantial supper, with somewhat brisk potations to aid its deglutition, had made Mr. Beckford rather feverish; and he placed himself at the open window of his chamber, to gaze out upon the calm moonlight. Soothed by the cool airs and lulling sounds of midnight, he had given free course to memory and feeling, when the sweet song of the nightingale was broken off by a loud voice, 'echoing through the arched avenues of a vast 'garden,' menacing evil to Portugal, *woe, judgement, and the wrath of an offended God!* Startled at these dread sounds, he watched eagerly for some explanation of their cause; and shortly saw, issuing from a dark thicket, a 'tall, majestic, 'deadly-pale old man,' who moved on with fixed eye and slow step, ever and anon repeating his boding cry. On the following morning, the mystery was cleared up by the apologetic explanation of the Prior to his guests, all of whom had been disturbed by the portentous sounds. The prophet of ill had been, in early life, innocently implicated in the results of that strange and questionable piece of history, the Aveiro conspiracy. His youth withered amid the damps of a dungeon; and when tardy justice withdrew its bolts, he came forth, 'a wasted, care-worn 'man, to sorrow and loneliness.' Firmly believing the innocence of his friends and relatives, denouncing the judicial proceedings which consigned them to the wheel and the block as a vile mockery of justice, and deeply resenting the consequent expulsion of the Jesuits, he viewed all these events as entailing a curse upon the nation; and, by some strange concatenation, such as 'ecstasy is very cunning in,' connecting with that overhanging visitation the outbreak of the French Revolution, he gave himself up to monastic seclusion, passing his hours in silence and solitude, save when, as in the present instance, he raised a prophetic voice in nightly warning to a doomed people.

This explanation was the prelude to a welcome invitation. Breakfast waited, and the rest shall be told in Mr. Beckford's own language,—a beautiful description of scenery surpassingly beautiful, and of circumstances well suited to such scenery.

'Leading the way, he conducted me to a large, shady apartment,

in which the splash of a neighbouring fountain was distinctly heard. In the centre of this lofty and curiously-groined vaulted hall, resting on a smooth Indian mat, an ample table was spread out with viands and fruits, and liquors cooled in snow. The two prelates, with the monks deputed from Alcobaca to attend them, were sitting round it. They received me with looks that bespoke the utmost kindness, and at the same time suppressed curiosity; but not a word was breathed of the occurrence of last night,—with which, however, I have not the smallest doubt they were perfectly well acquainted.

‘I cannot say, our repast was lively or convivial. A mysterious gloom seemed brooding over us, and to penetrate the very atmosphere; and yet that atmosphere was all loveliness. A sky of intense azure, tempered by fleecy clouds, discovered itself between the tracery of innumerable arches; the summer airs (*aure estive*) fanned us as we sat; the fountain bubbled on; the perfume of orange and citron flowers was wafted to us from an orchard not far off: but, in spite of these soft appliances, we remained silent and abstracted.

‘A sacristan, who came to announce that high mass was on the point of celebration, interrupted our reveries. We all rose up—a solemn grace was said; and the Prior of Batalha taking me most benignantly by the hand, the prelates and their attendants followed. We advanced in procession through courts and cloisters and porches, all constructed with admirable skill, of a beautiful grey stone, approaching in fineness of texture and apparent durability to marble. Young boys of dusky complexions, in long white tunics and with shaven heads, were busily employed dispelling every particle of dust. A stork and a flamingo seemed to keep most amicable company with them, following them wherever they went, and reminding me strongly of Egypt and the rites of Isis. We passed the refectory, a plain solid building, with a pierced parapet of the purest Gothic design and most precise execution; and traversing a garden-court divided into compartments, where grew the orange-trees whose fragrance we had enjoyed, shading the fountain by whose murmurs we had been lulled, passed through a sculptured gateway into an irregular open space before the grand western façade of the great church—grand indeed—the portal full fifty feet in height, surmounted by a window of perforated marble of nearly the same lofty dimensions, deep as a cavern, and enriched with canopies and imagery in a style that would have done honour to William of Wykeham; some of whose disciples or co-disciples in the train of the founder’s consort, Philippa of Lancaster, had probably designed it.

‘As soon as we drew near, the valves of a huge oaken door were thrown open; and we entered the nave, which reminded me of Winchester in form of arches and mouldings, and of Amiens in loftiness. There is a greater plainness in the walls, less panneling, and fewer intersections in the vaulted roof; but the utmost richness of hue, at this time of day, at least, was not wanting. No tapestry, however rich—no painting, however vivid, could equal the gorgeousness of tint, the splendour of the golden and ruby light which streamed forth from the long series of stained windows: it played flickering about in all directions, on pavement and on roof, casting over every object

myriads of glowing mellow shadows ever in undulating motion, like the reflection of branches swayed to and fro by the breeze. We all partook of these gorgeous tints ;—the white monastic garments of my conductors seemed as it were embroidered with the brightest flowers of paradise, and our whole procession kept advancing invested with celestial colours.'

In a chapel attached to this splendid edifice, constructed in the 'best style of Gothic,' and richly adorned with armorial bearings, are the tombs of some of the most justly celebrated rulers of Portugal; kings and queens, regents and Infantes. But in these matters there was no sympathy between Mr. Beckford and his companions. He had in his train, a French cook, Monsieur Simon, who looked with good-natured scorn on the rich, but coarse cookery of the grass-feeding shavelings, and graciously vouchsafed to enlighten their ignorance by occasional intimations of mysteries and sublimities altogether beyond their range. This *artiste* had, it seems, promised a specimen of his abilities in the shape of an *omelette à la Provençale*; and, while the English Traveller was fixing the eye of an accomplished amateur on the wonders that surrounded him, the High Almoner was indulging in visions of the said omelet. It will be readily anticipated that the less refined taste carried the day.

'We were hurried unmercifully through the royal cloisters; a glorious square of nearly two hundred feet, surrounded by most beautifully proportioned arches; fitted up with a tracery as quaint as any of the ornaments of Roslin chapel, but infinitely more elegant; it is impossible to praise too warmly their tasteful and delicate ramifications. I could not fail observing the admirable order in which every the minutest nook and corner of this truly regal monastery is preserved; not a weed in any crevice, not a lichen on any stone, not a stain on the warm-coloured apparently marble walls, not a floating cress on the unsullied waters of the numerous fountains. The ventilation of all these spaces was most admirable; it was a luxury to breathe the temperate delicious air, blowing over the fresh herbs and flowers, which filled the compartments of a parterre in the centre of the cloister, from which you ascend by a few expansive steps to the chapter-house, a square of seventy feet, and the most strikingly beautiful apartment I ever beheld. The graceful arching of the roof, unsupported by console or column, is unequalled; it seems suspended by magic; indeed, human means failed twice in constructing this bold unembarrassed space. Perseverance, and the animating encouragement of the sovereign founder, at length conquered every difficulty; and the work remains to this hour secure and perfect.

'This stately hall, though appropriated to the official resort of the living, is also a consecrated abode of the dead. On a raised platform in the centre, covered with rich palls, are placed the tombs of Alfonso the Fifth, and his grandson; a gallant, blooming youth, torn from life and his newly married consort, the Infanta of Castile, and its

fairest flower, at the early age of seventeen: with him expired the best hopes of Portugal, and of his father, the great John the Second.'

We shall add to this striking picture, the interesting account of the same noble structure, given by Miss Pardoe, in her "*Traits and Traditions of Portugal*;" a work which, while it lies open to animadversion, contains some valuable information and more animated description.

'The chapter-hall is accounted a great curiosity, being very extensive; immensely lofty, and supported only by its outer walls, without a single column or pillar. They have a singular tradition attached to this noble building. Twice it was built and roofed in; and twice, when the scaffolding was removed, the walls gave way, and it became one heap of ruins. But the architect would not be thus foiled in his magnificent undertaking;—a third time the walls were raised;—the richly groined roof, rising spirally at its centre, once more united them;—all the best energies of the spirit which had conceived, and the perseverance which had yet again produced the work, had been exhausted in the undertaking; and *Alphonse Domingues*, after having surveyed, with mingled pride and dread, the lordly pile which he had reared, swore that if a third time his skill had failed, he would not survive the disgrace, but would find a grave among its ruins. In vain was he dissuaded from what was universally considered an act of voluntary self-immolation. He walked calmly to the centre of the hall—he issued his directions with an unflinching voice—portion by portion, he saw the mighty beams which stood, perhaps, between him and a painful and revolting death, removed by his reluctant assistants. At length, the last prop was drawn away, and many covered their eyes with their hands to shut out the miserable spectacle; but there was no necessity for the precaution. The architect stood unharmed and secure: his mighty work was above and around him,—most magnificent and wonderful! A memorial of his undying genius!

'It is asserted that King John was so charmed by the high spirit and heroic daring of *Domingues*, that he commanded him to place within the hall some commemoration of the deed. With a modesty equalled only by his genius, the architect obeyed; and a small figure, not exceeding a foot in length, is seen in the act of supporting a portion of the edifice, where the roof touches on the north wall. It is a representation of *Alphonse Domingues*!'

Mr. Beckford, we must remark, does not always appear to be consistent with himself. Both theoretically and practically, he would seem to be a genuine admirer of Gothic architecture in all its legitimate varieties; and yet, some of the following expressions have a strange effect as coming from a person of his ostensible predilections. Tired of feasting, longing for the clear turf and the free air, he mounted his Arabian, and, after a sort of *Pampas* gallop, found himself once more at Batalha. His object

here was, to examine more at leisure the unfinished Mausoleum of Don Emanuel, of which we know nothing but from Murphy's draughts; and judging only from them, we quite agree with Mr. Beckford, that it is an ugly affair, and promising in its completion to be uglier still. Up to this point, every thing is intelligible enough; the censure applies to particulars only; but, in the subjoined criticism, it seems to take a wider range.

'Saxon crinklings and cranklings are bad enough; the preposterous long and lanky marrow-spoon-shaped arches of the early Norman, still worse; and the Moorish horse-shoe-like deviations from beautiful curves, little better. I have often wondered how persons of correct taste could ever have tolerated them, and batten on garbage, when they might enjoy the lovely Ionic, so prevalent in Greece, the Doric grandeur of the Parthenon, and the Corinthian magnificence of Balbec and Palmyra. If, however, you wish to lead a quiet life, beware how you thwart established prejudices.'

Our readers will be amused with another view of this subject, taken by a man less versed, probably, in the details of architecture than Mr. Beckford, but with an eye as keen and quick for its character and effect.

'The principle of the Gothic architecture is infinity made imaginable. It is, no doubt, a sublimer effort of genius than the Greek style; but then it depends much more on execution for its effect. I was more than ever impressed with the marvellous sublimity and transcendent beauty of King's College Chapel. It is quite unparalleled.'—*Coleridge's Table Talk*.

We differ from both these gentlemen, but are not 'i' th' mood', just now, to discuss the matter. We have reached our limits; and though we are only at the eighth day, we must 'cut short all intermission' between us and the conclusion. The season of departure from the hospitable Alcobaca was rendered additionally gloomy by certain sharp censures which it behoved the visitant priors to pronounce on some darkly-hinted proceedings of the monks. Then came a visit to a bird-fancying old lady, and a night spent at the *Caldas*, or hot-baths. These rapidly shifting scenes close at the palace of Queluz, where Mr. Beckford ran races for the amusement of the Infanta Donna Carlotta, and had the honour of an interview with the Prince Regent.

Art. III. *Specimens of the Table Talk of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge*. In two Volumes 12mo., pp. lxxi. 631. London, 1835.

THE Editor of this strange medley has done his best to damage the memory of his principal. Saturated, himself, with the meanest prejudices, both political and ecclesiastical, he has

exhibited his 'dear uncle and father-in-law' as a fiery, coarse, and 'one-sided' declaimer against Whigs and Dissenters—men guilty of no other crime than that of having presumed to adopt and avow opinions at variance with the creed patronized by this 'patient Tibbald' of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The individual who takes upon himself, without authority express and direct, to record for public use the confidential household-talk of another, who is no longer living to contradict or correct, acts under a responsibility which cannot, in the present instance, have been rightly estimated. In the excitement and unpremeditating freedom of intimate intercourse, many, very many, thoughts and expressions are thrown out, which the speaker might not choose deliberately to justify; or which he would, at least, think it right to moderate, either in phrase or in feeling, before he gave them dispassionately to the world. Now we can readily allow, and without any excessive mortification, that Coleridge did not like Whigs and Dissenters, inasmuch as they see no sufficient reason for adopting his dogmas in matters either of doctrine or policy; but we refuse to believe in the 'rabid insolence' with which he is here represented as expressing himself in reference to men as pure in motive as he could claim to be, as clear in intellect, and far superior in knowledge of men and things. We are well aware, (for we have stumbled on other instances of the same sort,) how easy it is, by selection and juxta-position, to give an offensive colouring to that which might have been either quite innocent in itself, or deprived of much apparent coarseness by the circumstances under which it was said, the mode in which it might be explained, or the special facts to which it was applied. At all events, when we are called upon to view in an unfavourable light, a character we have been accustomed to regard with other feelings, we may be allowed to sift the authority, and, when we find it questionable, to reject or qualify it as we may think fit. Having then been accustomed to cherish a high and sincere admiration of Coleridge, with all his faults, (and they were many,) we will not suffer the miserable perversities of an avowed partizan to change our sentiments. We reject his authority as suspicious. We prefer no charge of direct falsification, but we believe, and on no slight grounds, that the general effect of his representations is partial and erroneous.

The 'Preface' is a long—by comparison at least—and rather wordy affair, betraying much irritability and vindictive feeling—fortunately, however, in a matter with which we are not called upon to meddle any further than to say, that the charges of plagiarism, whether important or not, have received no satisfactory reply. Some attempt is made to explain and illustrate Coleridge's modes of thinking and expression, but it does not seem to have been un-

dertaken in a right spirit, nor is it conveyed in very intelligible language.

‘Throughout a long-drawn summer’s day,’ we are told, ‘would this man talk to you in low, equable, but clear and musical tones, concerning things human and divine; marshalling all history, harmonizing all experiment, probing the depths of your consciousness, and revealing visions of glory and of terror to the imagination; but pouring withal such floods of light upon the mind, that you might, for a season, like Paul, become blind in the very act of conversion. And this he would do, without so much as one allusion to himself, without a word of reflection on others, save when any given act fell naturally in the way of his discourse; without one anecdote that was not proof and illustration of a precious position;—gratifying no passion, indulging no caprice, but with a calm mastery over your soul, leading you onward and onward for ever through a thousand windings, yet with no pause, to some magnificent point in which, as in a focus, all the party-coloured rays of his discourse should converge in light.’

If our readers, like ourselves, should happen to think these fine phrases not quite so clear and definitive as the occasion might seem to demand, they may try another specimen.

‘I have seen him at times when you could not incarnate him,—when he shook aside your petty questions or doubts, and burst with some impatience through the obstacles of common conversation. Then, escaped from the flesh, he would soar upwards into an atmosphere almost too rare to breathe, but which seemed proper to *him*, and there he would float at ease. Like enough, what Coleridge then said, his subtlest listener would not understand as a man understands a newspaper; but upon such a listener there would steal an influence, and an impression, and a sympathy; there would be a gradual attempering of his body and spirit, till his total being vibrated with one pulse alone, and thought became merged in contemplation;—

‘And so, his senses gradually wrapt
In a half sleep, he’d dream of better worlds,
And dreaming hear thee still, O singing lark,
That sangest like an angel in the clouds.’

Our readers will be by this time prepared to hear, that ‘*there were some whom Coleridge tired, and some whom he sent asleep.*’ These, it is true, were ‘narrow and ungenial’ spirits:—still they may be forgiven, since the number of those ‘affectionate disciples’, to whom he was as an ‘old master of the Academy, or Lyceum,’ seems to have been exceedingly small. Few, we are told, knew much of the constitution of his mind ‘in anything below the surface; scarcely three or four ever got to understand it ‘in all its marvellous completeness.’ And we take it, that even this ‘three or four’ might have employed their superhuman powers of attention better than in listening, ‘throughout a long-drawn summer’s day,’ to language beautiful, no doubt, but in-

volving processes of reasoning confessedly protracted and obscure. We acknowledge ourselves to have but little faith in propositions that will not admit of simple and succinct statement. 'Thought, like a watch-spring, is most powerful when most compressed.

We have felt an inclination to connect with these volumes a regular review of Coleridge's works, of which the series, complete or nearly so, lies before us. Such an investigation might be so conducted, as to throw much light on the history of his mind, and to explain not a few things that are now somewhat mysterious. For the present, however, we abstain: circumstances may occur to render such an exposition more advisable than at present, and we may then resume the design. In the mean time, we shall restrict this article within brief limits. There would be no difficulty in lengthening it indefinitely, for these volumes, though small in bulk, are well charged with the materials of controversy; but the assault, so far as we are involved in the hostilities, is too feeble to provoke an energetic effort in the way of retaliation. Neither shall we trespass largely on the work for extracts, since it has already suffered so much, in other quarters, from that branch of *conveyancing*, that we may well leave it without further depredation. Concerning the general value of these *adversaria*, without rating them at the extravagant worth claimed for them by the Editor, and most assuredly without giving him credit for sound judgement in his selection, we may characterize them as containing much interesting matter, with a very considerable alloy of baser metal. Coleridge had read both deeply and excursively, and his studies had made him conversant with curious and unusual learning: he was at home among the Fathers, the Schoolmen were his familiars, and the antique philosophy his daily bread. Hence, his critical discussions are of the highest value, and at the furthest possible remove from that common currency which has been passed from hand to hand, till all character and expression are effaced; or from those vague and conventional phrases which, in these days of high, but hollow pretension, are become the average substitutes for genuine information. The portions of these volumes which refer to these subjects and their accessories, are of great interest, and we could wish that the paragraphs devoted to bad politics and worse economics, had been filled with comments on Chrysostom, or illustrations of Plato. An admirable example of that sound and searching criticism which is so rarely met with now-a-days, and which, when we are fortunate enough to encounter it, we treasure up among our 'materials for thinking,' is given in the following observations on Jeremy Taylor.

'Jeremy Taylor is an excellent author for a young man to study, for the purpose of imbibing noble principles, and at the same time of learning to exercise caution and thought in detecting his numerous errors.

* * * * *

Taylor's was a great and lovely mind; yet how much and injuriously was it perverted by his being a favourite and follower of Laud, and by his intensely popish feelings of church authority. His "*Liberty of Prophesying*" is a work of wonderful eloquence and skill; but if we believe the argument, what do we come to? Why, to nothing more or less than this, that so much can be said for every opinion and sect,—so impossible is it to settle any thing by reasoning or authority of Scripture,—we must appeal to some positive jurisdiction on earth, *ut sit finis controversarium*. In fact, the whole book is the precise argument used by the Papists to induce men to admit the necessity of a supreme and infallible head of the Church on earth. It is one of the works which pre-eminently give countenance to the saying of Charles or James II., I forget which:—"When you of the Church of England contend with the Catholics, you use the arguments of the Puritans; when you contend with the Puritans, you immediately adopt all the weapons of the Catholics." Taylor never speaks with the slightest symptom of affection or respect of Luther, Calvin, or any other of the great reformers,—at least, not in any of his learned works; but he *saints* every trumpery monk or friar, down to the very latest canonizations by the modern popes. I fear you will think me harsh, when I say that I believe Taylor was, perhaps unconsciously, half a Socinian in heart. Such a strange inconsistency would not be impossible. The Romish Church has produced many such devout Socinians. The cross of Christ is dimly seen in Taylor's works. Compare him in this particular with Donne, and you will feel the difference in a moment. Why is not Donne's volume of sermons reprinted at Oxford?

The following observations on two of Coleridge's most eminent contemporaries, are good specimens of that conversational criticism which often conveys more in few and cursory expressions, than more elaborate efforts at the delineation of character.

"Sir James Mackintosh is the king of the men of talent. He is a most eloquent converser. How well I remember his giving breakfast to me and Sir Humphry Davy, at that time an unknown young man, and our having a very spirited talk about Locke and Newton, and so forth! When Davy was gone, Mackintosh said to me, "That's a very extraordinary young man; but he is gone wrong on some points." But Davy was, at that time at least, a man of genius; and I doubt if Mackintosh ever heartily appreciated an eminently original man. He is uncommonly powerful in his own line; but it is not the line of a first-rate man. After all his fluency and brilliant erudition, you can rarely carry off any thing worth preserving. You might, not improperly, write on his forehead, "Warehouse to let!" He always dealt too much in generalities for a lawyer. He is deficient in power in applying his principles to the points in debate. I remember Robert Smith had much more logical ability; but Smith aimed at conquest by any gladiatorial shift; whereas Mackintosh was uniformly candid in argument. I am speaking now from old recollections.

'Canning is very irritable, surprisingly so for a wit who is always giving such hard knocks. He should have put on an ass's skin before he went into parliament. Lord Liverpool is the single stay of this ministry; but he is not a man of a directing mind. He cannot ride on the whirlwind. He serves as the isthmus to connect one half of the cabinet with the other. He always gives you the common sense of the matter, and in that it is that his strength in debate lies.'

Of the more abstruse discussions, or rather intimations of discussion, which occupy perhaps the larger portion of this Work, we have very little to say. We have no special admiration of a style of writing that requires translation before it can be fairly understood, and, when translated, loses much, if not the whole, of what might, at first, have the air of profound and original speculation. A good deal of what lies before us appears to be in this predicament, and we are not inclined to lose our time in analytical experiments on obvious truths or doubtful questions. The doctrine of the Trinity is not made clearer by the crabbed nomenclature of the schools, nor the modes of the Divine existence by the *plus* and *minus* of mathematical forms.

Before concluding, we would suggest that, in any collection of Coleridge's Works, whether it may be partial or complete, it would be advisable to give various readings. He often altered, and not always for the better. His splendid "Ode to the Departing Year" is sadly tamed down from the daring spirit of the first publication.

Art. IV. *Lewis's Sketches and Drawings of the Alhambra, made during a Residence in Granada, in the Years 1833-4.* Large folio. London.

THIS is a very splendid and spirited Work; and if in some respects it may seem to fall rather short of our highly excited expectations, we can have no hesitation in admitting that, in all fair and reasonable probability, the fault lies in our not having yet conquered the common propensity to draw general conclusions from partial premises. It is now some time since we saw two or three specimens of the plates, under very advantageous circumstances of preparation; and even now, without the intimations of colour which were then introduced, or the touches of the crayon which gave a singular sprightliness to the impression, we still think those subjects, both in treatment and choice, among the most artist-like in the collection. Our anticipations were, of course, (and we believe that we have in some previous Article expressed ourselves to that effect,) rather extravagantly stimulated; and if they have not in all respects been realized, on them, and not on the Work itself, we are quite willing that the blame should

lie. This may, we are aware, look like indirect censure; such, however, is not our meaning. We think the series admirable, although not altogether what we expected.

The entire Work contains twenty-six plates, including the vignette; lithographed by Harding, Lane, Gauci, and Lewis, and of these, the best executed are decidedly those by the first named artist. A beautiful effect is obtained by what is, we suppose, a novel process in its application to lithography. A ground of appropriate shade and hue, with the lights left untouched, is laid by a wood-block, 'as we guess,' previously to the impression of the lithographed drawing; and this produces a brilliancy and discrimination which leaves little further to be desired in the way of colour. In the first plate, a general view of the Alhambra and the Generalife, the clear white thus obtained has an admirable effect on the various buildings in the fore and middle grounds, and on the snowy ridges of the distant Sierra Nevada. The whole series appears to present accurate fac-similes of the original drawings; but, if the memoranda from which those finished draughts were made, contained no more of detail than is given in the very rough fac-simile of a first sketch reclining against a wall in the door-way leading from the hall of the Abencerrages to the *Patio de los Leones*, then we must say, that we think Mr. Lewis has trusted too much to his memory, and too little to his eye and hand. We have a further motive for this observation; inasmuch as we find, on turning to Mr. Roberts's views of the same objects, discrepancies which can hardly be accounted for by the mere variation of handling and management in different artists. For instance, Mr. R. invariably assigns a greater height to the buildings of the Alhambra, than is given by Mr. Lewis; and although, judging merely by reference to other views in the same work, we might be inclined to think such an attenuation and elevation of objects, a *manner* into which Mr. Roberts was not unlikely to fall, yet, on the other hand, Mr. L.'s towers and gate-ways have a heaviness and squatness that seem to us at variance with the character of the Morisco architecture. Let any one compare Harding's fine Lithograph of the Tower of Comares in the work before us, with Roberts's view of the same structure, and he will hardly recognize their identity. The first is low and heavy; the latter, with a general effect of massiveness, has much more of height and depth, with considerable detail not appearing in the other. This is a point that we should like to have decided, but on which we are quite unable to give judgment. We are rather inclined to suspect Mr. Roberts of indulging occasionally in the poetical: the rich perspectives, colonnades, and decorations of his 'Hall of Judgment,' must, we think, have been a little 'beautified' by his pencil. His 'Hall of the Abencerrages' is a splendid drawing, and far superior to the truncated view in the present work.

From the omissions in this collection we should be disposed to infer, that Mr. Lewis contemplates the publication of a second *livraison*. We wish it may be so, and, in the mean time, strongly recommend the present series to the admirers of excellent drawing, noble scenery, and architecture gorgeously, yet appropriately enriched.

Art. V.—*Abbotsford, and Newstead Abbey.* By the Author of “The Sketch Book.” 12mo, pp. 290. London, 1835.

THIS is No. II. of the Author’s “Miscellanies.” We last met with him as a traveller in the Prairies of his native land. In this volume, he appears before the public as the visiter of Scott, and a pilgrim to Newstead. Our American Cosmopolist is at home every where.

Abbotsford is a biographical portrait, drawn from the life, and set off with picturesque accompaniments that render it a sort of moving diorama to the fancy. It describes a visit paid to Scott in 1816, when in the prime of his faculties, and in perhaps his happiest days. He had not then outlived his first lease of poetical fame. As the yet unknown ‘Author of Waverley,’ he was securing to himself a second harvest of literary glory. And he was building—‘reducing one of his air castles to solid stone and ‘mortar,’ and full of his plans and perspective.

‘Happy would it have been for him, could he have contented himself with his delightful little vine-covered cottage, and the simple, yet hearty and hospitable style in which he lived at the time of my visit! The great pile of Abbotsford, with the huge expense it entailed upon him, of servants, retainers, guests, and baronial style, was a drain upon his purse, a task upon his exertions, and a weight upon his mind, that finally crushed him.’

Mr. Irving has shewn both tact and judgement in his choice of the time and point of view for his sketch. He describes his first visit, but with the advantage of the deepened impressions produced by the casual intercourse of subsequent years. ‘Late on the evening of the 29th of August, 1816,’—thus he begins his narrative.—‘I arrived at the ancient little border town of ‘Selkirk, where I put up for the night.

‘I had come down from Edinburgh, partly to visit Melrose Abbey and its vicinity, but chiefly to get a sight of the mighty “Minstrel of the North.” I had a letter of introduction to him from Thomas Campbell, the poet; and had reason to think, from the interest he had taken in some of my earlier scribblings, that a visit from me would not be deemed an intrusion.

‘ On the following morning, after an early breakfast, I set off in a post-chaise for the abbey. On the way thither, I stopped at the gate of Abbotsford, and sent the postilion to the house with the letter of introduction, and my card, on which I had written that I was on my way to the ruins of Melrose Abbey, and wished to know whether it would be agreeable to Mr. Scott, (he had not yet been made a Baronet,) to receive a visit from me in the course of the morning.

‘ While the postilion was on his errand, I had time to survey the mansion. It stood some short distance below the road, on the side of a hill sweeping down to the Tweed, and was as yet but a snug gentleman’s cottage, with something rural and picturesque in its appearance. The whole front was overrun with evergreens, and immediately above the portal was a great pair of elk-horns, branching out from beneath the foliage, and giving the cottage the look of a hunting-lodge. The huge baronial pile, to which this modest mansion in a manner gave birth, was just emerging into existence: part of the walls, surrounded by scaffolding, already had risen to the height of the cottage, and the court-yard in front was encumbered by masses of hewn stone.

‘ The noise of the chaise had disturbed the quiet of the establishment. Out sallied the warder of the castle, a black greyhound; and, leaping on one of the blocks of stone, began a furious barking. His alarm brought out the whole garrison of dogs:—

“ Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.”

All open-mouthed and vociferous. I should correct my quotation: not a cur was to be seen on the premises. Scott was too true a sportsman, and had too high a veneration for pure blood, to tolerate a mongrel.

‘ In a little while, the “Lord of the Castle” himself made his appearance. I knew him at once by the descriptions I had read and heard, and by the likenesses that had been published of him. He was tall, and of a large and powerful frame. His dress was simple and almost rustic. An old green shooting-coat, with a dog-whistle at the button-hole, brown linen pantaloons, stout shoes that tied at the ankles, and a white hat that had evidently seen service. He came limping up the gravel-walk, aiding himself by a stout walking-staff; but moving rapidly and with vigour. By his side jogged along a large iron-gray staghound, of most grave demeanour, who took no part in the clamour of the canine rabble, but seemed to consider himself bound, for the dignity of the house, to give me a courteous reception.

‘ Before Scott reached the gate, he called out in a hearty tone, welcoming me to Abbotsford, and asking news of Campbell. Arrived at the door of the chaise, he grasped me warmly by the hand: “Come, drive down, drive down to the house,” said he; “ye’re just in time for breakfast, and afterwards ye shall see all the wonders of the Abbey.”

‘ I would have excused myself on the plea of having already made my breakfast. “Tut, man,” cried he, “a ride in the keen air of the Scotch hills is warrant enough for a second breakfast.” I was accord-

ingly whirled to the portal of the cottage, and in a few minutes found myself seated at the family breakfast table. There was no one present but the family, which consisted of Mrs. Scott; her eldest daughter, Sophia, then a fine girl about seventeen; Miss Ann Scott, two or three years younger; Walter, a well-grown stripling; and Charles, a lively boy, eleven or twelve years of age.

‘I soon felt myself quite at home, and my heart in a glow, with the cordial welcome I had experienced. I had thought to make a mere morning visit, but found I was not to be let off so lightly. “You must not think our neighbourhood is to be read in a morning, like a newspaper,” said Scott; “it takes several days of study for an observant traveller, that has a relish for auld-world trumpery. After breakfast you shall make your visit to Melrose Abbey; I shall not be able to accompany you, as I have some household affairs to attend to; but I will put you in charge of my son Charles, who is very learned in all things touching the old ruin and the neighbourhood it stands in; and he, and my friend, Johnnie Bower, will tell you the whole truth about it, with a great deal more that you are not called upon to believe, unless you be a true and nothing-doubting antiquary. When you come back, I’ll take you out on a ramble about the neighbourhood. To-morrow we will take a look at the Yarrow, and the next day we will drive over to Dryburgh Abbey, which is a fine old ruin, well worth your seeing.”—In a word, before Scott had got through with his plan, I found myself committed for a visit of several days, and it seemed as if a little realm of romance was suddenly open before me.

‘After breakfast, I accordingly set off for the Abbey, with my little friend Charles, whom I found a most sprightly and entertaining companion. He had an ample stock of anecdotes about the neighbourhood, which he had learned from his father, and many quaint remarks and sly jokes, evidently derived from the same source; all which were uttered with a Scottish accent, and a mixture of Scottish phraseology, that gave them additional flavour.

‘On our way to the Abbey, he gave me some anecdotes of Johnny Bower, to whom his father had alluded. He was sexton of the parish, and custodian of the ruin, keeping it in order, and shewing it to strangers;—a worthy little man, not without ambition in his humble sphere. The death of his predecessor had been mentioned in the newspapers, so that his name had appeared in print throughout the land. When Johnny succeeded to the guardianship of the ruin, he stipulated that, on his death, his name should receive like honourable blazon, with this addition, that it should be from the pen of Scott. The latter gravely pledged himself to pay this tribute to his memory, and Johnny now lived in the proud anticipation of a poetic immortality.

‘I found Johnny Bower a decent-looking little old man, in a blue coat and red waistcoat. He received us with much greeting, and seemed delighted to see my young companion, who was full of merriment and wagging, drawing out his peculiarities for my amusement. The old man was one of the most authentic and particular of cicerones. He pointed out every thing in the Abbey that had been described by Scott in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and would repeat, with broad

Scotch accent, the passage which celebrated it. Thus, in passing through the cloisters, he made me remark the beautiful carvings of leaves and flowers wrought in stone with the most exquisite delicacy, and, notwithstanding the lapse of centuries, retaining their sharpness, as if fresh from the chisel,—rivalling, as Scott has said, the real objects of which they were imitations :

“ Nor herb nor floweret glisten’d there,
But was carved in the cloister arches as fair.”

He pointed out also, among the carved work, a nun’s head of much beauty, which, he said, Scott always stopped to admire, “ for the Shirra’ had a wonderful eye for all sic matters.”

‘ I would observe, that Scott seemed to derive more consequence in the neighbourhood from being sheriff of the county, than from being poet.’

* * * * *

‘ I found afterwards that Scott used to amuse himself with the simplicity of the old man, and his zeal in verifying every passage of the poem, as though it had been authentic history ; and that he always acquiesced in his deductions.

‘ The fictions of Scott had become facts with honest John Bower. From constantly living among the ruins of Melrose Abbey, and pointing out the scenes of the poem, the Lay of the Last Minstrel had, in a manner, become interwoven with his whole existence ; and I doubt whether he did not, now and then, mix up his own identity with the personages of some of its cantos.

‘ He could not bear that any other production of the poet should be preferred to the Lay of the Last Minstrel. “ Faith,” said he, “ it’s just e’en as gude a thing as Mr. Scott has written ; an if he were stannin there, I’d tell him so—an’ then he’d laugh !”

‘ He was loud in his praises of the affability of Scott. “ He’ll come here sometimes,” said he, “ with great folks in his company ; and the first I’ll know of it is hearing his voice calling out Johnny !—Johnny Bower !—an when I go out, I’m sure to be greeted with a joke or a pleasant word. He’ll stand and crack an laugh wi’ me, just like an auld wife ;—and to think that of a man that has such an awfu’ knowledge o’ history !”

‘ As Johnny Bower piqued himself upon showing every thing laid down in the poem, there was one passage that perplexed him sadly. It was the opening of one of the cantos :—

“ If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go, visit it by the pale moonlight ;
For the gay beams of lightsome day,
Gild but to flout the ruins grey,” &c.

In consequence of this admonition, many of the most devout pilgrims to the ruin could not be contented with a daylight inspection, and insisted it could be nothing unless seen by the light of the moon. Now unfortunately, the moon shines but for a part of the month, and what is still more unfortunate, is very apt, in Scotland, to be obscured by

clouds and mists. Johnny was sorely puzzled, therefore, how to accommodate his poetry-struck visitors with this indispensable moonshine. At length, in a lucky moment, he devised a substitute for the moon. This was a great double tallow candle stuck upon the end of a pole, with which he would conduct his visitors about the ruins on dark nights; so much to their satisfaction, that, at length, he began to think it even preferable to the moon itself. "It does na' light up a' at once, to be sure," he would say, "but then you can shift it about, and show the auld abbey, bit by bit, whilst the moon only shines on one side."

'Honest Johnny Bower! so many years have elapsed since the time I treat of, that it is more than probable his simple head lies beneath the walls of his favourite abbey. It is to be hoped his humble ambition has been gratified, and his name recorded by the pen of the man he so loved and honoured.'

Mr. Irving is particularly happy in his pen and ink portraits of animals, and his description of Scott's canine attendants has the very spirit of Landseer. The Poet's domestic animals 'were his friends.' But we cannot make room for them in our picture. On his return from Melrose Abbey, Scott proposed a ramble to shew his visitor something of the surrounding country.

'We rambled on among scenes which had been familiar in Scottish song, and rendered classic by the pastoral muse, long before Scott had thrown the rich mantle of his poetry over them. What a thrill of pleasure did I feel when I first saw the broom-covered tops of the Cowdenknowes peeping above the grey hills of the Tweed; and what touching associations were called up by the sight of Ettrick Vale, Gala Water, and the Braes of Yarrow. Every turn brought to mind some household air, some almost-forgotten song of the nursery, by which I had been lulled to sleep in my childhood; and with them the looks and voices of those who had sung them, and who were now no more. Scotland is eminently a land of song; and it is these melodies chanted in our ears in the days of infancy, and connected with the memory of those we have loved, and who have passed away, that clothe Scottish landscape with such tender associations.

'The Scottish songs in general have something intrinsically melancholy in them, owing, in all probability, to the pastoral and lonely life of those who composed them, who were often mere shepherds, tending their flocks in the solitary glens, or folding them among the naked hills. Many of these rustic bards have passed away without leaving a name behind them; nothing remains of them but those sweet and touching little songs, which live like echoes about the places they once inhabited. Most of these simple effusions are linked with some favourite haunt of the poet; and in this way, not a mountain or valley, a town or tower, green shaw or running stream, in Scotland, but has some popular air connected with it, that makes its very name a key-note to a whole train of delicious fancies and feelings.

'Let me step forward in time, and mention how sensible I was to

the power of these simple airs, in a visit which I made to Ayr, the birth-place of Robert Burns. I passed a whole morning about "the banks and braes of bonnie Doon," with his tender little love verses running in my head. I found a poor Scotch carpenter at work among the ruins of Kirk Alloway, which was to be converted into a school-house. Finding the purpose of my visit, he left his work, sat down with me on a grassy grave close by where Burns's father was buried, and talked of the poet, whom he had known personally. He said, his writings were familiar to the poorest and most illiterate of the country folk; "*and it seemed to him as if the country had grown more beautiful since Burns had written his bonnie little songs about it.*"

The extensive prospect commanded by the hills, disappointed our Visitor, who was not prepared for the bare and monotonous scenery of the border country.

'I beheld a mere succession of grey waving hills, line beyond line, as far as my eye could reach, monotonous in their aspect, and so destitute of trees, that one could almost see a stout fly walking along their profile; and the far-famed Tweed appeared a naked stream, flowing between bare hills, without a tree or a thicket on its banks; and yet, such had been the magic web of poetry and romance thrown over the whole, that it had a greater charm for me than the richest scenery I had beheld in England. I could not help giving utterance to my thoughts.

'Scott hummed for a moment to himself, and looked grave; he had no idea of having his muse complimented at the expense of his native hills. "It may be pertinacity," said he, at length; "but to my eye, these grey hills and all this wild border country have beauties peculiar to themselves. I like the very nakedness of the land; it has something bold, and stern, and solitary about it. When I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornamented garden land, I begin to wish myself back again among my own honest grey hills; and if I did not see the heather at least once a year, *I think I should die!*"

'The last words were said with an honest warmth, accompanied by a thump on the ground with his staff, by way of emphasis, that showed his heart was in his speech. He vindicated the Tweed, too, as a beautiful stream in itself; and observed, that he did not dislike it for being bare of trees, probably from having been much of an angler in his time; and an angler does not like to have a stream overhung by trees, which embarrass him in the exercise of his rod and line.

'I took occasion to plead, in like manner, the associations of early life for my disappointment in respect to the surrounding scenery. I had been so accustomed to see hills crowned with forests, and streams breaking their way through a wilderness of trees, that all my ideas of romantic landscape were apt to be well wooded.

"Ay, and that's the great charm of your country," cried Scott. "You love the forest as I do the heather; but I would not have you

think I do not feel the glory of a great woodland prospect. There is nothing I should like more than to be in the midst of one of your grand, wild, original forests, with the idea of hundreds of miles of untrodden forest around me. I once saw at Leith an immense stick of timber, just landed from America. It must have been an enormous tree when it stood in its native soil, at its full height, and with all its branches. I gazed at it with admiration: it seemed like one of the gigantic obelisks which are now and then brought from Egypt to shame the pigmy monuments of Europe; and, in fact, these vast aboriginal trees, that have sheltered the Indians before the intrusion of the white men, are the monuments and antiquities of your country."

The next morning, our Visiter rose early; but, to his surprise, the Lord of Abbotsford was already up and forth, and was seen seated on a fragment of stone, chatting with the workmen employed in the new building. About the place were strewed various morsels from the ruins of Melrose Abbey, which were to be incorporated in his mansion. He had already constructed, out of similar materials, a kind of Gothic shrine over a spring, and surmounted it with a small stone cup.

'Among the relics from the Abbey which lay scattered before us, was a most quaint and antique little lion, either of red stone, or painted red, which hit my fancy. I forget whose cognizance it was, or from whose monument it had been taken, but I shall never forget the delightful observations concerning old Melrose to which it accidentally gave rise. The Abbey was evidently a pile that called up all his poetic and romantic feelings; and one to which he was enthusiastically attached by the most fanciful and delightful of his early associations. "There is no telling," said he, "what treasures are hid in that glorious old pile. It is a famous place for antiquarian plunder. There are such rich bits of old-time sculpture for the architect, and old-time story for the poet. There is as rare picking in it as in a Stilton cheese, and in the same taste,—the mouldier the better."

'As Scott sat on a stone talking in this way, and knocking with his staff against the little red lion which lay prostrate at his feet, his grey eyes kindled beneath his shagged eye-brows: scenes, images, incidents, kept breaking upon his mind as he proceeded; mingled with touches of the mysterious and supernatural as connected with the heart of Bruce. It seemed as if a poem or romance were breaking vaguely on his imagination.

'A summons to breakfast broke upon our conversation, when I begged to recommend to Scott's attention my friend the little red lion, who had led to such an interesting topic, and hoped he might receive some niche or station in the future castle, worthy of his evident antiquity and apparent dignity. Scott assured me with comic gravity, that the valiant little lion should be most honourably entertained; I hope, therefore, that he still flourishes at Abbotsford.'

Various circumstances that Mr. Irving observed about Scott,

during this visit, concurred to produce the persuasion that 'many of the antiquarian humours of Monkhouse were taken from his own richly compounded character.' In a subsequent excursion to Dryburgh Abbey, Scott pointed to an old border keep, called Smailholm Tower, on the summit of a rocky knoll, the Sandyknows Crags, as a place peculiarly dear to him from the recollections of childhood. His grandfather had lived there in the old Smailholm grange; and he had been sent there when about two years old, on account of his lameness, that he might have the benefit of the pure air of the hills, and be under the care of his grandmother and aunts. He has depicted this scene of his boyish years in the Introduction to one of the cantos of *Marmion*; and it is Smailholm Tower which he has clothed with such romantic associations in his tale of "The Eve of St. John."

'It was, he said, during his residence at Smailholm Crags, that he first imbibed his passion for legendary tales, border traditions, and old national songs and ballads. His grandmother and aunts were well versed in that kind of lore, so current in Scottish country life. They used to recount them in long, gloomy, winter days, and about the ingle nook at night, in conclave with their gossip visiters; and little Walter would sit and listen with greedy ear, thus taking into his infant mind the seeds of many a splendid fiction.

'There was an old shepherd, he said, in the service of the family, who used to sit under the sunny wall and tell marvellous stories, and recite old-time ballads as he knitted stockings. Scott used to be wheeled out in his chair in fine weather, and would sit beside the old man, and listen to him for hours.

'The situation of Sandyknows was favourable both for story-teller and listener. It commanded a wide view over all the border country, with its feudal towers, its haunted glens, and wizard streams. As the old shepherd told his tales, he could point out the very scene of action; thus, before Scott could walk, he was made familiar with the scenes of his future stories; they were all seen as through a magic medium, and took that tinge of romance which they ever after retained in his imagination.'

'In reverting to the days of his childhood, Scott observed, that the lameness that had disabled him in infancy gradually decreased; he soon acquired strength in his limbs, and though he always limped, he became, even in boyhood, a great walker. He used frequently to stroll from home, and wander about the country for days together, picking up all kinds of local gossip, and observing popular scenes and characters. His father used to be vexed with him for this wandering propensity, and, shaking his head, would say, he feared the boy would make nothing but a pedler. As he grew older, he became a keen sportsman, and passed much of his time hunting and shooting. His field sports led him into the most wild and unfrequented parts of the country, and in this way he picked up much of that local knowledge which he has since evinced in his writings.

'His first visit to Loch Katrine, he said, was in his boyish days, on

a shooting excursion. The island, which he has made the romantic residence of the Lady of the Lake, was then garrisoned by an old man and his wife. Their house was vacant: they had put the key under the door, and were absent fishing. It was at that time a peaceful residence, but became afterwards a resort of smugglers, until they were ferreted out.

‘In after years, when Scott began to turn this local knowledge to literary account, he revisited many of those scenes of his early ramblings, and endeavoured to secure the fugitive remains of the traditions and songs that had charmed his boyhood. When collecting materials for his *Border Minstrelsy*, he used, he said, to go from cottage to cottage, and make the old wives repeat all they knew, if but two lines; and, by putting these scraps together, he retrieved many a fine characteristic old ballad or tradition from oblivion.’

These illustrations of Scott’s literary character are extremely interesting. His social manners must have been as fascinating as his writings. His conversation was hearty, graphic, and dramatic, yet without display, and he could listen as well as talk; that is, he could converse. It was delightful to observe the generous mode in which he always spoke of his literary contemporaries. His humour was free from causticity, and says Mr. Irving, ‘I do not recollect a sneer throughout his conversation, any more than throughout his works.’

To complete the moral portrait, we should have liked to know that the “things which are unseen and eternal” had some share of the attention and concern of this much flattered and highly gifted man; but Mr. Irving seems to have regarded religion as too foreign from his picturesque narrative, for even a passing reference. From the commendation bestowed upon ‘an honest parson’ of the Church of England, ‘who was not too refined to be happy, laughed loud and long at every joke, and enjoyed them with the zest of a man who has more merriment in his heart than coin in his pocket,’ we should, perhaps, be warranted in inferring that the notions which both Scott and his visiter entertained upon such subjects, are at the furthest remove from the sentiments of either the Reformers of Scotland or the Pilgrim Fathers of New England. But this is a painful topic, and we turn from it with a sigh. “The world will love its own”—but alas! for those who are contented with its idolatry.

We have lingered so long about Abbotsford, that we must positively decline to follow our Author in his visit to Newstead. The reader will admire the ingenuity with which the very scanty materials are worked up, by means of light and shade, into a picturesque description, from which the living figure that gives it character, is absent. We cannot forbear to notice by the way, the aristocratic predilections of our American visiter. Scott and Byron each belonged to the upper circle of society; the one by birth,

the other by acquired rank. Would their genius have commanded the same interest, if found in a humbler walk of life? Whatever poets may say, poverty is not picturesque; and to be seen to advantage, the finest statue must have its pedestal.

Art. VI. *Letter to Lord Melbourne on the Irish Church and Irish Tithes.* By J. Broadhurst, Esq. 8vo, pp. 72. London, 1835.

HAD Ireland remained an independent nation,' remarks Mr. Broadhurst, '750,000 persons could not have continued to take the tithe of a nation counting nearly 8,000,000 of people.' This is a proposition which, we presume, no one will dispute. Can we then wonder that the Irish should be impatient under a yoke which has entailed upon them this monstrous injustice? If it be just to appropriate the entire tithe property of a country to the maintenance of a Church alien to the people, because it is the Church of the State, what would it signify if there were not a Protestant left in Ireland, to require the services of a resident minister? In that event, the Church of England might as reasonably claim the whole of the Irish tithe to be divided among her clergy in this country, as her advocates now contend that the tithes of the Roman Catholic provinces of Ireland should be appropriated to the benefit of the Protestants of Ulster. In parishes in which there is not a single Protestant, the tithe is claimed for the sinecure Church. Why should it not be claimed, by an extension of the same principle, if there were no Protestants left in any of the parishes? The bulk of the population of Ireland derive no benefit from the Establishment; and they might as justly be required to pay tithe for a non-existent Church, as for one to which they do not belong, and which exists for them in vain. The arguments employed by the opponents of the Irish Tithe Bill would fairly conduct us to this conclusion,—that tithes are to be viewed as inalienably the possession of the Protestant Episcopal Church: and if the whole of the eight millions who are found on the soil of Ireland were Roman Catholics or Dissenters, still it would be sacrilege and impiety to divert a shilling of the tithe property to national purposes!

'The collection of tithe by a parochial clergy,' the Author of this Letter remarks, 'has ever been found injurious to the cause of religion, even when taken for a Church from which the people have received their religious instruction. In Ireland, tithe is collected for a Church alien to the people.' The collection of it forms a perennial source of heart-burnings and litigation, even in this country, where it is for the most part received in large sums from substantial farmers. In Ireland, it is levied upon

nearly the whole mass of the peasantry, there being scarcely any other country in Europe where land is so minutely subdivided, and the small patches of potato ground being tithed like the largest farm in England. Could there be a system devised, so admirably adapted to sow a country with the seeds of disloyalty and discord, and to bring all the malignant passions into play? Tithe, in Ireland, is demanded under circumstances which have no parallel in any other Christian country. This system, indeed, can no longer be persisted in; and the charge is now to be thrown upon the landlords. In this arrangement, however, Mr. Broadhurst sees a new source of danger.

‘Tithe can no longer be collected by the clergy. To remedy this, both parties, in parliament, concur in wishing to throw upon the landlords the task which has proved too great for the Church—both concur in thinking that a change in the name will render that charge no longer distasteful to the Irish people. Yet the people know that the additional rent demanded under commutation is for the benefit of the Protestant clergy. There will be nothing changed but the name of the tithe, and its being obtained through the agency of the landlords.

‘The practical result of commutation is making the Irish landlords tithe proctors for the Church! This will consummate the evil, and set the seal to disorder.

‘I have already shown how helpless is the situation of the Irish landlords—but they have, as yet, not been mixed up with the lamentable question of tithes.

‘The Church must, it seems, at all risks continue identified with the tithes. To insure this, both you and Sir Robert Peel are ready to sacrifice a large portion of this property, to secure the remainder to the Church.

‘A small residue of tithes is a better income then for the Church than any amount of income obtained for it from another source! So bent is every government on maintaining a connection between the Irish tithes and the Irish Church, that the landlords are now to be made a party in the struggle!

‘If making them proctors for the Church can reconcile the people to tithe under another name—well—if it has not this effect, you will regret the hazardous experiment.

‘It matters not, my Lord, what a large bonus may induce the landlords to undertake. If they cannot do that for the Church which the Church cannot do for herself, you will have embarked them in a fearful contest.

‘The present struggle is between the people and the Church—hereafter, the landlords will form a third party in the strife.

‘Again I repeat, the only hope of saving tithe as public property is to disconnect it from the Church. If you do not go this length, tithe as public property is annihilated.’

• • • • •

‘Give, then, to the Church of Ireland, an income whose collection subjects its ministers to no obloquy. Let their minds, and those of the people they instruct, be no longer under circumstances prejudicial to moral and religious influence.

‘We are bound to endow and maintain the Protestant Church in Ireland; but we are equally bound to do this in a manner compatible with the peace of the country. The English government has ever been desirous that the Irish Protestant Church should exercise a spiritual influence over the Irish people; yet its first step was to endow that Church in a manner so objectionable as to render it, on temporal grounds, odious to the people. By this course it placed the interests of the clergy and the people in opposition; and this for the purpose of making them amalgamate in spiritual belief! If this was wrong, when the Protestant Church was first planted in Ireland, the continuance of such a system is not less wrong now. If you examine carefully the whole of our legislation for Ireland, from its conquest by Cromwell to the present hour, you will not find a single Act of Parliament calculated to produce a moral and religious impression. We have in all that time rarely had recourse to any means of governing the Irish, save those of force.

‘Unless we are prepared to retrace our steps and become wholly intolerant, all we can now do is to re-endow the Protestant Church in Ireland out of the public revenue—protecting her as an independent, but not as a supreme Church.

‘I would re-endow her in the most liberal spirit; but there should be in future no clergy without important duties to perform. In obliging them to make a return to the public, for a public income, by working constantly in the vocation they have chosen, we shall use the most efficient means for rendering the establishment national and permanent.’ pp. 45—51.

We ought also, Mr. Broadhurst contends, to lose no time in offering to the Irish Catholic Church an endowment duly proportioned to that granted to the Protestant Church.

‘In the present irritated state of feeling among the Irish Catholics, it is to be feared,’ he says, ‘they would not accept stipends for their priests; but, when juster principles of government shall have gained for us the hearts of the people, we should lose no time in pressing upon them an endowment for their Church. In the mean time, if your Lordship expects peace in Ireland, the value of the tithe must be paid into the Treasury, and appropriated to the general uses of the State.’

Agreeing, as we do, in the latter part of the Writer’s suggestion, we shall not spend many words in combating the former part, more especially as the forcing of stipends upon reluctant priests is an expedient too absurd to be seriously contemplated. In fact, Mr. Broadhurst admits that it would not be feasible at present, and therefore it could form no element of a satisfactory arrangement. And what would be the object of those who made this offer? It might bribe the indolence of the priesthood, but

would it abate the still more pernicious fanaticism of the monks and lay orders? Would it relieve the people of any pecuniary demands made upon them in the shape of fees and dues, which now form the main support of the Romish clergy? Clearly not. It would but multiply the rival claimants. For every stipendiary priest, there would spring up two or three expectants or mendicants; and the flocks would be as much mulcted as ever.

The ministers of religion may be divided into three classes, as viewed under three different characters; teachers of religion, ecclesiastical functionaries, and priests. It is not generally perceived, how the question relating to their maintenance is governed by the nature of their office. If it be that of the priest, the dispenser of sacraments, whose main business is to baptize, marry, absolve on confession, administer the Eucharist, and inter, these services are invariably connected with fees, which form the most cherished property of the Church, an essential part of the sacerdotal system, and the very basis of the Seven Sacraments. The fee system enables every priest to *enforce* his maintenance. It is strictly a compulsory system of ecclesiastical taxation, sanctioned by the most fearful penalties; as compulsory as any tax levied in the shape of excise or customs. It is obvious then, that no Church, with the framework of whose polity this system has been intertwined, is likely to be induced to part with it for stipends or endowments. The Episcopal clergy of the English Church, even when drawing large revenues from the tithes, shew no disposition to relax their hold on the parochial fees; although the abolition of the Confessional in the Protestant Church has deprived them not only of one material source of profit arising from fees, but of the power of enforcing their ghostly claims upon the laity. Endowments enjoyed by the Romish Church are applicable to the support of colleges, convents, missions, and other establishments; but the stipendiary system is not adapted to the functions and position of the priesthood, and could not, at all events, be substituted for the fee system, without a relinquishment of the distinguishing features of the sacerdotal theory.

Ecclesiastical functionaries whose office is limited to the discharge of a certain routine of specific duties, must be paid by a stipend or fixed salary. If it is deemed, for instance, a part of Protestant Christianity, to keep up the daily iteration of the musical service of the choir in our Gothic temples, albeit no congregations are now attracted by the obsolete performance, it is obvious that funds must be found to pay the choir, and defray other expenses, which neither compulsive fees nor voluntary contributions can furnish. Again, a state clergy, as forming a species of magistracy or spiritual police, may claim support from the State. The idea of a Protestant clergyman is very much that of a parochial magistrate, whose business it is to administer

the authority of the State in sacred things. The tithe-holding clergy look upon themselves—and such is the theory of the Establishment—as an order of gentry ; a very different character from that of either priests or popular instructors, and scarcely compatible with theirs. To the stipendiary clergy, for the most part, are abandoned the instruction of the people and the performance of the other offices ; and experience amply proves, that *tithes*, however suitable a fund for education, the relief of the poor, and other general purposes,—or for the maintenance of a Levitical order of literati,—will never provide a country with efficient religious instructors.

But if the question be, what is the best mode of securing a competent maintenance for the Christian pastor or the Christian missionary, that is quite another matter. Fees and Tithes are alike out of the question ; and it being admitted that they are entitled to a stipend, the inquiry resolves itself into this—whether that stipend should be derived from the voluntary contributions of the Church, or from the taxation of the community by the State. The Curate of the Established Church is supported by a stipend, and so is the Dissenting minister. The latter depends for his stipend upon an agreement with his people : the former holds it by a bargain with the State through the medium of the incumbent. Which system works best, as regards the comparative amount of stipend ? Which secures the most faithful and competent discharge of the pastoral office ? Let these questions be fairly met, and decided by the test of fact ; and it will be seen that the voluntary system is better for the Church, better for the State, better for the people.

But, although the Christian pastor may ordinarily look for support to his own congregation, the Voluntary System does not suppose that this can universally be the case. On the contrary, it calls upon the churches collectively to provide both for the assistance of ministers in poorer districts, and for sending missionaries and itinerant teachers to districts unprovided with religious instruction. The South of Ireland is at this moment very much in the condition of a heathen country. To meet the state of the case, the theory of an Establishment must be abandoned. The only Establishment defensible upon that theory, is that of a national church, and the national church of the Irish is the Roman Catholic. The Protestant clergyman in the districts where the bulk of the people are Papists, stands in the predicament, and ought to go forth in the spirit, of a Missionary. How is he to be supported ? By tithes levied upon the people he is sent to instruct and convert ? Preposterous notion ! And yet, we sometimes hear the perpetuation of the tithes defended upon this ground, as requisite for the support of a Missionary Pro-

testants Establishment! The Church of England in Ireland is, forsooth, a Missionary Church! Very military missionaries must those be deemed, who quarter themselves upon the territory they are sent to conquer. What an admirable plan for propagating Protestantism, by tithing the Papist, and exacting this tribute in earnest of his conversion! Why not set up a Missionary Establishment of the same Apostolic kind in India, and levy tithes in support of the Episcopal Church upon the Hindoos and the Moslem, in order to persuade them the more readily to embrace the Christian faith? Why not divide Bengal into Protestant benefices, in order to make it at once, *ipso facto*, a Christian country? There need not be churches—for there are 210 benefices in Ireland in which there is no Church; nor converts,—for there are in Ireland 41 benefices without a single member of the Established Church. Let there be Christian tithes, and a goodly corps of four or more archbishops, with bishops, deans, prebendaries, canons, &c., who may all reside at Calcutta,—with such a Missionary Church—the United Apostolic Church of England, Ireland, and India,—that country would be Christianized at once. And then, there would be need of the obtrusion of Missionaries sent out by the abettors of the voluntary system.

In Ireland, the theory of an Establishment has been refuted by facts which have all the force of the *argumentum ad absurdum*. We speak not now of the political evils connected with the injustice and iniquity of the tithe system. As a scheme of instruction, as even a scheme of police, the Establishment has worse than failed: it has left the people in ignorance; it has provoked their hostility against the Government; it has led them to identify Protestantism itself with injustice and oppression; it has alienated them from those pious clergymen who, had they gone forth as missionaries, seeking not theirs but them, would have been listened to with respect, if not with conviction; it has inflamed religious animosities, obstructed all social improvement, overthrown successive administrations, and all in the abused and dishonoured name of Religion! As if religion consisted in tithes, and could be supported by bayonets! How long will the country be deluded by words and names? The Irish Establishment is of no service to the Protestant Religion, but rather a dead weight upon it. If Episcopacy be Apostolic, let her come out of her state fortress, and undertake, at her own charges, the conflict with Error and Papal Ignorance.

- Art. VII. 1. *Dissertation on Church Polity.* By Andrew Coventry Dick, Esq., Advocate. 12mo, pp. 245. Edinburgh, 1835.
2. *The Posthumous Letters of the Rev. Rabshakeh Gathercoal*, late Vicar of Tuddington. Now first published, with Explanatory Notes, and dedicated to the Lord Bishop of London. 12mo, pp. xxxii. 288. London, 1835.
3. *Thomas Johnson's Reasons for Dissenting from the Established Church*: in Three Dialogues. A New Edition. To which is now first added, a Fourth Dialogue on the Voluntary Principle. 18mo, pp. 52. Price 4d., or 3s. 6d. per dozen. London, 1834.
4. *The Church*: a Dialogue between John Brown and William Mason. By A. T. 12mo, pp. 20. Price 2d. London, 1835.

IT will at once be perceived that these works, though bearing upon one topic, the grand topic of debate, are of very different character and pretension. Mr. Dick's Dissertation is a masterly piece of sound and eloquent argumentation. It is a volume which deserves, we had almost said demands, an attentive perusal from every Member of the Legislature who wishes to understand the pending question between the Compulsives and the Voluntaries. Mr. Dick has fairly grappled with the subject in all its bearings, planting his foot upon ground from which it will not be easy to dislodge him. The Dissertation is divided into the following sections.

' § 1. Authority of the Magistrate in Matters of Religion. 2. The Argument from Scripture. 3. The argument from Civil Utility. 4. Idea of an Established Church. 5. The Creed of an Established Church. 6. The Endowment of an Established Church. 7. The Subordination of an Established Church. 8, 9. An Established Church as a Scheme of Instruction. 10. Political Effects of an Established Church.'

In the first section, the opposite theories of the High and Low Churchmen are discriminated and contrasted; but Mr. Dick has, in the outset, examined and combated the tenets of the High Church Party, which are retained, in the shape of an indistinct prejudice, by many who would not defend them. The theory of High Churchmen implies, that Government has *authority* over its subjects in matters of religion. The Moderate Churchman contents himself with insisting that Government is bound to provide religious instruction for its subjects. In opposing these assumptions, some advocates of religious liberty have run into the erroneous extreme of denying that Government had any thing to do with matters of religion. We are glad to find Mr. Dick steering clear of this absurdity, while he thus throws back upon the High-Churchman the charge of atheistic doctrines.

‘ Here we may pause for a moment to learn how we may best fulfil the meaning of poets, philosophers, and jurists, when they warn us to lay the foundation of civil society in an acknowledgement of Divine Providence. It is by owning first of all the rights of Providence. Observing that it has framed man a religious being, and in that department of his nature subjected him to no intermediate superior, but directly to God, we are taught neither to prescribe, nor limit, nor enforce the inward or outward homage to which that subjection calls him. The state, which, acting upon this lesson, anxiously provides for freedom of worship, and sensitively withdraws its rulers from the province of conscience, is of all states the most holy and religious, presents in its laws a perpetual homage to Divine Providence, and may be truly said to have laid its foundations in an act of worship. This is not to rear an atheistic constitution. Commit to an atheist the erecting of a commonwealth, and he will assume without scruple the control of religion, because he thinks God a dream, and conscience a prejudice. Such a man, owning no rights of conscience, yet unable to cure his subjects of their religious propensities, will make provision for giving them indulgence according to his own ideas of what is pleasing and politic. He will therefore erect and set in motion a kind of religious pageant. Thus the principles of the atheist and the principles of the High Churchmen lead to the same result, the one from disbelief, the other from superstition. They concur in erecting a species of civil constitution, to which alone, if to any, the epithet atheistic applies ; for it subverts the laws of heaven ; and, whereas in religion, nature has given us God only for our master, his will for our law, and conscience to guard and enforce it, this constitution presumes to intercept our allegiance, and, presenting us with some miserable mortals for rulers, fulminates its anathema against all who will not tie themselves to their parchment-creed and policy-begotten worship.’ pp. 16—18.

It ought never to be lost sight of, that ecclesiastical establishments are now ordinarily defended upon principles totally different from those which led to their original institution.

‘ Those institutions arose, or at least attained their final strength and organization, through the prevalence of an opinion, that men were in religion, no less than in civil life, subjects of the national governments. Their history informs us of disputes between the civil magistrate and the ecclesiastical authorities regarding the bounds of their respective jurisdiction, and regarding also the right of supremacy over society, which both claimed, and each alternately exercised ; but that, while the authorities, civil and sacred, thus quarrelled about their shares of power, of the duty of the citizen to obey the religious edicts upon which they might agree, scarcely a doubt was breathed by a solitary speculatist, and no question was stirred before any tribunal of Christendom. Those were times when the doctrine of Hooker was true in law and in fact, that every man who was a member of the commonwealth, was a member also of its church, subject equally to the one and to the other ; when the Church of England elevated the King to an ecclesiastical throne, and when the di-

vines of Scotland instructed the civil magistrate, that toleration was a sin. The citizen who "did not like the country might leave it;" but to remain and set up a religion different from that of law, was no more to be allowed than the setting up of a new king or parliament. Claiming entire conformity to its religion, the state sometimes so far indulged the stubbornness of dissenters, as to wink at a quiet and concealed performance of their religious rites; but that they should come with them into open day, and publicly repudiate the legal church, was deemed to be an offence little short of rebellion, to be punished by the vigorous arm of power.

'An illustrious example will explain the policy of the times. After narrating how he was apprehended at a "meeting of good people," to whom he was about to preach, and carried before a justice, who laid him in prison, John Bunyan tells us, "At the Sessions after, I was indicted for an upholder and maintainer of unlawful assemblies and conventicles, and for not conforming to the national worship of the Church of England; and after some conference there with the justices, they taking my plain dealing with them for a confession, as they termed it, of the indictment, did sentence me to a perpetual banishment, because I refused to conform. So being again delivered up to the gaoler's hands, I was had home to prison, and there have lain now comple-e twelve years, waiting to see what God would suffer these men to do with me."

'It is not our intention to trace the rise and progress of a different policy in this country. To a soil overshadowed by an ecclesiastical constitution, religious freedom was like a foreign plant, of slow and difficult growth. When dissenters had but newly liberated themselves from the state-church, and when a shelter from impending persecution was grateful under whatever name or conditions granted, they had but dim ideas of their rights, or at least they timidly urged them. But it was not long till their views became clearer, and they began boldly to assert an independence of human authority in matters of religion. They demanded not a toleration, but genuine liberty, and reprobated all merely tolerating, as well as restraining laws, as an impious interference between them and their Divine Monarch. They complained not only that the laws against dissenters were unnecessarily severe, but that dissent was viewed as a crime; or rather, that there existed institutions which obliged any citizen to dissent. The enactments framed by the state to meet their case, did not, in express terms, admit the principles of these revolvers from its religious supremacy, but disguised the new policy under the condescending name of toleration. But although it gave license only to certain classes of noneonformists, and although men still continued to talk of the "crime of nonconformity," it could not then be wholly concealed, and now it is apparent and admitted, that those laws not only "established" the worship of the dissenters to whom they expressly applied, legalizing the revolt which the state wanted power to quell, but were, in effect, an emancipation of all the citizens from religious fealty, upon a claim to which it had reared its ecclesiastical institutions. The privileges which thenceforward, or ere long, were to be practically enjoyed by noneonformists of all classes, were utterly inconsistent with the least remains

of authority elsewhere. Obtaining not a mere permission to worship as they chose, but a right of proselyting all over the country, of conspiring and combining against the church of the law, it was evident that they had not only passed the limits of toleration, but were enjoying a license, which under a constitution of which a church formed part, was fatal to the tranquillity of society, and put in jeopardy the most cherished institutions of the nation. Yet this license, large and anomalous as it is, was no sooner granted, than it was beyond recall. It has at last brought the country into a condition which no political theory can excuse, and which is daily presenting new difficulties to the practical statesman. Within the same territory may be seen, on the one hand, an ecclesiastical establishment erected by rulers to control the religion of their subjects; on the other, a crowd of voluntary churches, maintained by citizens who spurn control, and assert their religious independence. Conflicting as are the principles of these institutions, their operations and effects are equally hostile. The former, aspiring to universal ascendancy, never ceases to urge the state to exact from all, at least a tacit acquiescence in its claims; while to the latter there is constantly presented, in what they think the errors of the legal church, and in its iniquitous elevation, stimulants to aggression against it, in carrying on which they enjoy, and perhaps abuse, an ample protection by the law.

‘This conflict in principle and in policy between the vast parties which now divide the empire, has been brought about, because, after having waived its claim to the obedience of its subjects in matters of religion, our constitution insists upon upholding the ecclesiastical institutions which had no other basis. Hence the confusion. It will not cease till we emerge from that transition-state between prosecution and freedom,—termed toleration. In the meantime, let us remark, as gratifying to dissenters, the contrast which it has produced between the independence of their churches, and the slavery of that of the law. Voluntary churches, viewed by themselves, are in the possession of almost perfect freedom. The abolition of the establishment would relieve dissenters, as individuals, from an enormous grievance, and their religious institutions from a legal stigma; but to the practical liberty of the latter it would bring but a small accession. Over them the State can at present exercise no peculiar authority: it dare not lay upon them so much as its little finger. Its power, which once ranged at will over the whole religious institutions in the country, now expends itself within the temples of the law. Into the churches called national it has, indeed, the right to enter, and there to work its pleasure; to set up or pull down bishops; to remove or to impose the tyranny of patronage, or to do any other deed of policy or sacrilege; but into the smallest, obscurest, weakest dissenting church, in the most defenceless district of the land, not the king or parliament, nor any prince or potentate of this world, may dare to set the foot of authority.’ pp. 25—31.

The second Work on our list is of a lighter character; but, though our Author may seem to sport with his subject, it is not ‘sport to the frogs.’ We do not profess to be partial to religious

satire, and yet there are some men whom it is difficult to know how otherwise to deal with. Mr. Gathercoal is scarcely worth the powder of this firework, but his name has merely served as a peg for these Letters. We must confine ourselves to a specimen.

‘ From the Reverend RABSHAKEH GATHERCOAL to L. S. E.

‘ Dear Brother,

‘ The battle is raging in Tuddington ; it begins to be very hot work, and I must expect my buffets and blows, according to the lot of war. My sermon, which Dr. Birch calls my golden sermon, and which he says entitles me to the honourable name of Chrysostom, or “golden mouth,” I sent to be printed in London—a large edition of 1500 copies, which I have distributed *gratis*—for that obstinate fellow Timson will have nothing to do with it. It is, however, to be purchased at the brandy vaults of my prime minister Stubbs, and the neighbouring clergy have sent for it by dozens.

‘ It is not to be supposed that I have remained silent after my first song ; I assure you I have followed up the “golden sermon” with repeated blows of the same sort, always preaching the Gospel from L. S. E., the best expositor of the truth I can anywhere find. Last Sunday I preached on the subject of Death on the Pale Horse, which I proved was the system of dissent “killing the fourth part of the earth with beasts.” The beasts I showed were the various forms of schism ; and so having noticed various beasts, I came to foxes and other vermin, and declared how, in Canticles, “the little foxes that spoil our grapes” were the Dissenters nibbling at our tithes. Then apostrophising the whole body of schismatics, I said, “You hate *tithes* I know, probably for the same reason for which the fox disliked the grapes ; but you would be glad of the *tenth* of the tithe of such decisive evidence in support of your unscriptural system, as we can show for Episcopal authority. I have shown, beyond the power of contradiction, that no such system as that you advocate has any foundation in the word of God. You may, indeed, *just as easily* prove from the Holy Scriptures, that all the metamorphoses, or all the nonsensical fables of the Heathen Mythologies are true, as your new fancied system of Dissent.” (L. S. E. pp. 174.)

‘ The schismatics, of course, are furious, and have bestirred themselves to let me know that wasps can sting. The first annoyance I have experienced is in the diminution of the congregations ; last Sunday, Stubbs counted only 200, which looked a small company in our large church. I am, however, going to preach a sermon against the sin of not coming to church, and I intend to make no small stir on this head. They have, however, vexed me far more by sending for bales of Beverley’s pamphlets, not one of which had ever yet been read in my parish. I have, however, seen them in many of the cottages within the last few days, and much mischief, I fear, will be done in consequence. They tell me that a rich Dissenter of London has sent 500 of each of these pamphlets to the Baptist teacher, who sells them for 2d., and that the greater part are sold already ! Will no one crush

this noxious writer? He it was that began the mischief, but who shall say where it is to stop? We live in evil days, dear Brother.

'The teachers of schism have further agreed, according to what I hear, to deliver each a course of lectures in their chapels in defence of schism. The first lecture will be delivered at the conventicle of the Independent Sectarians next Wednesday evening; and when Mervyn has finished his lectures, which are to be four in number, the Baptist teacher is to glean any remnants of iniquity let fall from the bosom of his "dear Brother," so that nothing may be lost to the Devil's harvest.

'Dear Mr. Screw tells me that his notices of taking all tithe, to the last farthing, of the gardeners, and of all others in the parish, have put the town in a still greater ferment. Here, however, I am sure of victory, and the more yells the beasts set up the better. I will sell every bed and table in Tuddington sooner than give up a sixpenny-worth of my rights. I owe this to my "successors," and to the Apostolical church of which I am an unworthy priest. "Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn."

'As for more private concerns, the thorn in the flesh is not removed, nor likely to be; Jane continues as obstinate as ever. She has told me point blank, that she finds my sermons so little profitable to her soul, and the Church service so tedious and objectionable, that she cannot go to church any more. She says, however, that she has no inclination to frequent any of the chapels in Tuddington, for she dreads hearing controversial sermons, in which it is very probable I may be mentioned with no great respect; and besides, she wishes, *as long as possible*, to keep up appearances in the eyes of the parish. I have put into her hands all the sound books I can think of—first, the Letters of L. S. E., then Southey's Book of the Church, Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, and the warmest tracts of the Christian Knowledge Society, besides various others recommended by friends—but she seems to me a more rigorous Dissenter after reading works written in defence of our Scriptural church than she was before; indeed, she begs me to torment her no more with the Church controversy, for she assures me she knows all the Episcopalian arguments perfectly, and that all the libraries in the world never can persuade her that the Church of England is the Church of Christians seen in the Acts of the Apostles, or in any part of the New Testament. To do her justice, I do not believe she has ever read any of the Dissenters' books on Church Government; the Bible is her library in this controversy, and whenever we argue on these subjects, she quotes the Scriptures and nothing else. I never can get her to listen to the evidence of the Fathers and tradition; she turns a deaf ear to all my rhetoric when I read to her passages from Ignatius and Ambrose.

'Here, however, is the weak part of my fortress. When I see Jane looking cold or melancholy in the midst of my zeal, it makes me furious, and I say and do things in my wrath which I am sorry for afterwards; particularly when I see she has been weeping in private, for she never sheds a tear before me, and is silent and submissive in the midst of our disagreements. I am fearful that sooner or latter she will join the Baptists, and be baptized in their way. I have told her

that if she ever should take this step I will shut my doors against her, and send her and her child back to her parents. She gives me no answer, and by this silence I dread the worst. So you see, my dear brother, I have much to perplex me.

‘I have received a flattering letter from the Bishop of L——, thanking me for my “golden” sermon; he styles me “a pillar of the Church;” this letter is going the round of the neighbouring clergy, and its contents are so well known, that the schismatics here have printed handbills, pretending to give a correct copy of the letter, but changing the word *pillar* into *caterpillar*. Thus you see the malice of these rascals!

‘In my next I hope to give you some account of Mervyn’s Lecture on Dissent. Screw has promised me an exact transcript of all the fellow will say, by sending to the chapel one of his clerks, who can take the whole lecture down in short hand-writing.

‘Your affectionate Brother,

RAB.’

Report, sanctioned by internal evidence, ascribes this *jeu d’esprit* to Mr. Beverley. It is rather too heavy for jest, or too jocose for earnest.

Thomas Johnson’s “Reasons” were originally published many years ago, and rapidly passed through several editions. Having been long out of print, and often asked for, the Author has republished them with an additional dialogue ‘on the Voluntary Principle.’ It ought to be known that the second and third dialogues are a reply to three Tracts, by the late Rev. T. Sikes, circulated by the Christian Knowledge Society; and the arguments combated are given nearly in the very words of the reverend Vicar of Guilsborough.

“The Church, a Dialogue,” is ascribed to the pen of a Lady brought up in the bosom of the Establishment, but who has, for reasons which this tract sets forth in familiar language, conscientiously withdrawn from it. In the reasons for Nonconformity, there can be expected nothing new, and yet to thousands they have the face of novelty when fairly brought home to them.

ART. VIII. LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In a few days will be published, *The Book of the Denominations; or, the Churches and Sects of Christendom in the Nineteenth Century.* In foolscap, 8vo.

The Life of Admiral Lord Exmouth, drawn up from official and other authentic documents, furnished by his family and friends, is now preparing for publication, by Edward Osler, Esq., and will appear early in August.

The large Ale and Porter Brewers will next week be presented with a Work on the subject of Brewing, upon which they may with confidence rely; as the whole process of Fermentation, Mashing, Temperature, and other important points in Brewing are treated both practically and scientifically, by one of their own body, Mr. William Black, who has been a practical Brewer for the last forty years.

In the Press, and shortly will be published, in one vol. 12mo, a *Memoir of the late Mrs. Ellis*, wife of the Rev. William Ellis, formerly Missionary in the Society and Sandwich Islands, and Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society.

ART. IX. WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

EDUCATION.

The Immaterial System of Man; contemplated in accordance with the Beautiful and the Sublime, and in reference to a Plan for General Education. By Elizabeth Hope. 2 vols. post 8vo, 12s.

HISTORY.

A View of the Reign of James II., from his Accession to the Enterprise of the Prince of Orange. By the late Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh. 4to, 11s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Philosophy of Manufactures. By Andrew Ure, M.D., F.R.S., M.G.S., M.A.S., London; M. Acad. N.S. Philadelphia, &c. 1 vol. post 8vo, illustrated with numerous Engravings, 10s. cloth.

A Review of the Principal Dissenting Colleges in England during the last Century; being a Second and enlarged Edition of the Author's Work on the Admission of Persons, without regard to their Religious Opinions, to certain Degrees in the Universities of England. By Thomas Turton, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity, Cambridge, and Dean of Peterborough. 8vo, 4s.

Mephistophiles in England; or the Confessions of a Prime Minister. 3 vols. post 8vo, 11s. 6d.

POETRY.

Rosebuds Rescued, and presented to my Children. By the Rev. Samuel Charles Wilks, M.A. 4s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

Ministerial Solitude and Fidelity, a Farewell Sermon addressed to the Congregation of Holland Chapel, North Brixton, June 21st, 1835. With a Brief History of the Author's connexion with that Place of Worship. By John Styles, D.D. 8vo, 1s. 6d.

Archbishop Usher's Answer to a Jesuit; with other Tracts on Popery. 8vo, 13s. 6d.

A Discourse of Natural Theology. By Henry Lord Brougham, F.R.S., and Member of the National Institute of France. Being the first Volume of Paley Illustrated. Post 8vo, 8s.

TRAVELS.

Travels in Ethiopia, above the Second Cataract of the Nile. By G. A. Hoskins, Esq. 4to, with a Map and 90 Illustrations, 3l. 13s. 6d.

Records of a Route through France and Italy, with Sketches of Catholicism. By William Rae Wilson, F.S.A., S.A.R., Author of *Travels in the Holy Land*, &c., &c. 8vo, with Plates, 17s.